

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. L

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1927

NUMBER 648

Contents

The Week.....	283
Editorials	
These Unruly Revolutions.....	287
The Big Taxpayers' Shell Game.....	289
Scabbard and Rattle.....	290
General Articles	
A Little Tour in France.....Harold J. Laski	292
Night (verse).....Marjorie Meeker	293
Shanghai: Where Fear Breeds Hate...Stanley High	294
Innocent Landscape (verse).....Elinor Wylie	295
Away Down South.....Bruce Bliven	296
Christ in the Movies.....Gilbert Seldes	298
Washington Notes.....T. R. B.	299
Solitude.....Robert Littell	300
The World of Rockwell Kent.....Stark Young	302
Correspondence	303
Reviews of Books	
The Public Mind.....Robert Morss Lovett	305
William Blake.....Lewis Mumford	306
God, by Grace of Church.....C. E. Ayres	307
Children of the Sun.....Elling Aannestad	308
To Tibet by the Back Door.....Lyman Bryson	308
Fiction Notes.....	309

The Week

IT IS difficult to know whether to applaud or to frown at a speech such as that which President Coolidge recently delivered in New York. In certain practical respects it was a wise and benevolent utterance. In his reference to China, particularly, he expressed an attitude of patience, sympathy and forbearance which was genuinely statesmanlike toward a people who were passing through the convulsions of an inevitable and an uncontrollable revolution. If Mr. Coolidge acts in the spirit in which he talks, the United States will not, for the present at least, participate in any European effort to force the Nationalist revolution in China to behave with conventional respectability. Such an effort would be comparable to an attempt by the Lord of Hosts to force the peoples at Armageddon to dance to a minuet. You cannot convert a revolution into a tea party by threatening it with a big stick; and we are thankful that the policy of the American government will, until further notice, combine sympathy

with non-interference. Mr. Coolidge also ended those passages in his speech which dealt with Mexico on an encouraging note of conciliation. He expressed a wish and an expectation that the two governments would reach a pacific adjustment of the controversy. He himself undoubtedly is trying, after a fashion, to reach such an adjustment; and there seems to be a better prospect than there was some weeks ago that he will succeed.

IN his statement, however, of the nature of the controversy between Mexico and the United States, the President was thoroughly disingenuous. He was no less disingenuous in the defense which he put up against the accusation that his policy in Nicaragua was imperialistic. He again charged the Mexican government with the offense of proposing to confiscate the property of citizens of the United States, and he announced, as if it were great good news, that the Mexican ambassador had recently expressed the intention of his government to abandon the attempt. But the Mexican government has always repudiated the intention of confiscating the property of citizens of the United States; and it has always professed its readiness to compensate all foreigners who could prove that as a result of the oil legislation they had suffered damage to their property. The oil operators do not demand compensation; they demand the repeal of the legislation and the guarantee of their existing titles. The State Department has endorsed their demand, in spite of the fact that it has no justification in international law. Its reasons for doing so are connected with its prestige. It alleges that it recognized President Obregon only because he had promised not to adopt legislation of this kind. Considering these circumstances, it is not easy to surmise what Ambassador Tellez's new promise means. If it had not been for the condition which the State Department had attached to recognition, the controversy could and would have been adjusted months ago. The Mexican government has always been willing to guarantee the oil operators against loss, provided it was not prevented from converting the titles to the oil lands into leases. But the State Department has never considered such compulsory conversion a matter for compensation. It was equivalent to the rup-

ture of an agreement and to an undesirable assertion of Mexican independence. That was why the President was unwilling to arbitrate.

THE clue to the policy of the State Department has always been the enormous importance which it attaches to its discretionary power in recognizing or refusing to recognize Central American governments. It does not propose to recognize any government of any Central American state, no matter how much it is legally entitled to recognition, unless such a government agrees not to oppose the United States in carrying out any policy which suits its interest. In the very speech in which President Coolidge so warmly repudiated the charge that his policy was imperialist, he proclaimed the right to exercise a "moral" government over the Central American states, and this moral authority can only mean that in respect to the United States, Mexico, Nicaragua and the others occupy a position of political inferiority. In the name of protecting the life and property of its citizens in Nicaragua, the United States has practically assumed responsibility for the good government of that country. It appears certain that when Mr. Henry L. Stimson returns from his mission he will advise the military occupation of Nicaragua, for the ostensible purpose of removing the obstacles to a fair election. There is something to be said for such a policy, but it is plainly imperialist. It is equally plain that in the long run it will require the exercise of force on a large scale to make it effective.

THE powers are confronted by a great temptation, which involves a great danger, in China. The quarrel between Chiang Kai-shek and the Hankow government is generally regarded at Shanghai as a fight between a conservative military man and a communist regime. The foreigners believe that their interests would be far better served if the former were in power; and they probably believe, remembering their experience with Chang Tso-lin and others, that Chiang Kai-shek can be "taken into camp" by them. This would account for the sudden change of tone in the propaganda-filled dispatches from Shanghai. Whereas ten days ago all Nationalists were devils, now Chiang Kai-shek all at once turns out to be an angel, and only the Hankow government is wholly vile. This would help to account, also, for the great concentration of foreign warships, which includes ten American vessels, at Hankow, 600 miles up the Yangtse. There is reason to fear that the powers are planning to enter into the factional strife. Indeed, they have already done so, in a sense, through the "moral pressure" their fleet is now exercising. Thomas F. Millard, by far the most reliable of the foreign correspondents at Shanghai, reports in the New York World that

some foreigners here advocate financial aid to him [Chiang Kai-shek] so that he can become stabilized in

the Eastern Yangtse provinces, letting Hankow alone for the time being. It is understood that a private meeting was held yesterday of leading Chinese and foreign bankers, at which this matter was discussed.

WE do not pretend to know, at this distance, whether the welfare of the Chinese will best be served in the long run by the dominance of one wing of the Nationalists or the other, and we doubt whether anyone knows. We are not even sure whether the disagreement is as profound as the eager British and American correspondents allege. But we are certain that interference by the foreigners on behalf of Chiang Kai-shek, or anyone else, is the worst thing that could possibly happen; and we believe that the Chinese General is shrewd enough not to commit political suicide by accepting such aid. Whatever else may be true of it, the heart of the Nationalist movement is the doctrine of "China for the Chinese." Any leader who becomes obligated to the foreigners will destroy himself, and can impede the progress of the movement only temporarily. Indeed, its anti-foreign aspect would be much increased by this new evidence that the powers had reverted to the worst practices of nineteenth century diplomacy.

THE flood disaster in the Mississippi valley has become one of the major calamities of recent times. The dead are estimated at 300, the homeless are said to number more than 200,000. Seven million acres are under water in eight states, and the end is not in sight, since it is stated that the worst of the flood will not reach New Orleans until about May 15. When the waters recede, there will remain an enormous task of reclamation. Buildings have been swept away, live-stock drowned, thousands of families have nothing but the clothes they stand in. The Red Cross has already raised more than a million dollars for relief, and this is but a small part of the sum which it will need. Later on, it will be time to ask whether such floods as this are partly the result of unintelligent deforestation, and whether levees and other precautions are as complete and extensive as they ought to be. For the present, it is urgently necessary that the public should dig down into its pockets and give.

WHEN the boll weevil deserts the Southern cotton-growers, the Father of Waters magnificently assumes its role. Last year the weevil failed to do its duty, and as a consequence the big crop drove prices down to unprofitable levels. Now the Mississippi threatens to destroy the product of a million acres or more, and cotton promptly rises a dollar a bale. We do not doubt that just as energetic action will be taken to curb the great river in future as has been taken to restrict the weevil's diet. Then the farmers will have to pray for some other awe-inspiring calamity, such as a drought or a pestilence. What will the farmers do when all the great natural

enemies are subdued and under control? Will they not have to devote to socially controlled and scientifically organized production and marketing something of the same energy which has in the past gone to combating these pests and convulsions? It is infinitely more difficult for man to govern his own activities than it is for him to make war upon external enemies, but as the history of the race spins out, it is becoming infinitely more necessary.

THE opponents of Governor Smith within the Democratic party were only momentarily silenced by his letter in the *Atlantic Monthly* which eliminated the religious question, at least as one of the public issues in the pre-convention campaign. Within twenty-four hours, they had returned to the attack on a new basis: the prohibition problem. Smith, they pointed out, is a wet; the Solid South is dry. Who shall reconcile these irreconcilables? A response was not long delayed, which may be taken as indicating the policy Governor Smith will follow, not only before the convention but, if he is nominated, after it. While this reply does not come from him directly, it is in line with his previous utterances. He is not really wet, we learn from the usual "authoritative sources"—far less so than such stalwart sons of the G. O. P. as President Butler and Senator, soon to be ex-Senator, Wadsworth. Governor Smith believes in the Eighteenth Amendment. He believes in the Volstead Law. The saloon must never come back. All that he desires is the modification of the Volstead Law to permit a certain amount of states' rights. Each commonwealth should be permitted to write its own definition of "intoxicating liquor," inside a general limit of 2.75 percent of alcoholic content. Those states which wish to continue the present one-half of 1 percent restriction could do so; others might relieve their (legal) aridity to a slight degree.

INASMUCH as political platforms are, of course, designed to stand on temporarily, not to live with, there is something to be said for this point of view. It is improbable that the real wets would be satisfied, in the long run, with intoxicants containing 2.75 percent of alcohol. However, the real wets would vote for Smith anyhow, on the theory that he is one of them at heart; and at the same time, this proposal is not sufficiently drastic to frighten the dry Democrats away from the one man who has any chance at all of carrying their banner to victory. The Republicans will probably ignore the prohibition issue in their campaign, and Smith's antecedents would make it impossible for him to evade being known as the wet candidate, even if he wanted to. At the same time, it should be recognized that this "compromise solution" is in reality no solution at all.

AN important incident of international economics which slipped by without much understanding of its

causes and consequences was the lowering of the Bank of England's rediscount rate to 4.5 percent. For months there has been an informal agreement between the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York that the London rate would be kept appreciably higher than that in New York. This served two purposes: it attracted funds to London and thereby helped to maintain the gold reserve necessary for the protection of Britain's reestablished gold standard, and by the same token it limited the flow of funds and of gold to the United States, where the danger ever since the War has been from too much gold rather than too little. The New York rate, however, has not been lowered to correspond with the recent London action. Does this signify the end of the agreement? It may be that the London financial authorities have decided to loosen up on credit, even at the risk of losing some gold, in order to stimulate business and strengthen the prestige of the Conservative government. The New York authorities' failure to follow suit is, apparently, due to a fear of stimulating inflation here, especially in view of the already high levels on the stock exchange. And it may be, too, that their failure to do so under the circumstances had the same psychological effect on the speculators as would a rise in the New York rate ordinarily, and thus contributed to the break in stock prices. At any rate, we can be sure that no fundamental change in bank rates in either London or New York, and especially in the relationship between them, can occur without large consequences.

UNDER the sentence pronounced by Judge Thayer, Sacco and Vanzetti have less than ten weeks to live. Their only hope lies in the exercise of executive clemency by Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, and he has not yet indicated whether he will act on their behalf. Letters, telegrams and petitions are flooding in upon him, both from those who feel the Italian radicals did not have a fair trial and from those who demand that "justice" shall take its course. Among the latter, so far as can be judged by their communications which have been made public, the most common view is: (a) that Sacco and Vanzetti deserve death whether innocent or guilty, because they are radicals, and: (b) that it is better to sacrifice the lives of two men, even though innocent, than to cast doubt upon the judicial procedure by having the evidence reviewed. Few are as frank as Mr. T. A. Johnson, an agent of the National Surety Company of Buffalo, New York, who writes to Governor Fuller that "a first class hanging in any community does good, sometimes." But there are many to agree with Mr. Charles H. Barrett of Philadelphia, who says that Sacco and Vanzetti are "radicals, traitors and would-be destroyers of liberty," who should be made to "pay the penalty for their crimes and may God have mercy on their souls." Apparently their "crimes" are those alleged in the epithets used.

NATURALLY, Boston is the storm center of the struggle. The division there appears to be largely along class and racial lines, with a surprisingly large number of descendants of the old Yankee stock who seem less concerned that Massachusetts justice should remain untarnished than that the radicals should be "properly rebuked," and the rising tide of recent immigrants be somehow checkmated—a feeling which is none the less powerful and dangerous in that it is probably largely unconscious. There are, of course, numerous and honorable exceptions. Among them are Bishop William Lawrence, Roland W. Boyden, Professor F. W. Taussig, Heman M. Burr and Charles P. Curtis, Jr. These gentlemen have signed a joint request to Governor Fuller for a new study of the case, to be made by an unofficial committee of distinguished citizens. They argue, in temperate language, that "there are, we believe, thousands of citizens of the Commonwealth who, having read and studied such parts of the proceedings in the Superior Court as have appeared in the public press, have serious doubts as to whether these two men have had a fair trial," and urge that "it is due to the exceptional condition of the case, to yourself and to the State, that these doubts be allayed, and that it be made evident to all citizens that the Commonwealth has done full justice to herself as well as to these men."

THIS moderate plea that justice be not degraded has called forth a reply from the Rev. George A. Gordon, A. B., D. D., S. T. D., LL. D., Pastor of the Old South Church, Harvard Overseer and author of "The Christ of Today." It is with grief, writes Dr. Gordon, that he sees Bishop Lawrence's name on the appeal. "The judicial system of Massachusetts is in the hands of experts in law and in the valuation of evidence. This appeal to the Governor to try the case by selected citizens means one thing only: a blow at the authority and the superseding of our judicial system. The [Boston] Herald calls this appeal 'courageous'; it seems to me injudicious and, indeed, impudence." We can think of several statements in the New Testament which might serve as comment on Dr. Gordon's remarks; but doubtless there is no need to quote them, to the author of "The Christ of Today."

OPEN letters to presidential candidates bid fair to become a habit. On the heels of Mr. Marshall's letter to Governor Smith, asking whether a good Catholic can be a good President, we learn that an inquiry is to be launched at President Coolidge. This one, signed by a prominent Republican, will ask him how he feels about the third-term tradition—not, of course, whether he intends to run again, but whether he believes in general that the time has come when the eight-year precedent established by President Washington may safely be abandoned. We shall be very much surprised if Mr. Coolidge replies to this ingenuous inquiry. In a sense, of

course, he has already done so: his continued silence for the past three years, his failure to put an end, during all that time, to the talk of a third term for himself, shows that the eight-year tradition is not a dominating influence upon him. It is our guess that he hasn't yet made up his mind whether to run or not, that the deciding factor will be whether he thinks he can be elected, and that if he should decide not to risk it, he will use the objection to the third term as his alibi. If he decides he can win, he will seek the nomination and, as things now stand, he is likely to get it. Then the Republican orators will cut loose with all their batteries, arguing that re-election would not mean a third term, that the President has in fact only been in office one term, one year and seven months. Can he get away with this? Well, up to now, he has apparently been able to get away with anything.

WHEN Sir George Paish tells the bankers that German reparations and European debts must be canceled in order to avert world-wide economic calamity, he may be guilty of exaggeration, but he is on much more solid ground than those spokesmen for debt cancelation who urge it for moral reasons. He is more sound, for one thing, because he links the reparations and the debts: the economic principles involved in both are the same, and reduction of the latter should be made only if reduction in the former is granted. There is, too, some reality in the contention that Europe, which before the War supported its life on the basis of the economy of the creditor nation, can only with difficulty, if at all, adjust itself to the position of a practically permanent debtor. One could admit that the debts of the Allies to the United States were justly due twice over, and still favor substantial reduction, if not cancelation, on this ground. Furthermore, if Sir George Paish is right, before very long the facts to support his position will appear. One can argue until doomsday about moral obligations, without convincing an opponent, but everyone will have to recognize such basic and stubborn economic facts as will be seen in the effect on world economy of large international payments.

IT is about time for citizens of our larger cities to decide whether they exist for the sake of the real-estate speculators or not. The Committee on the Regional Plan of New York and Its Environs announces that the central shopping district has about reached the limit of congestion, and that any further crowding is likely not only seriously to inconvenience shoppers but to force the decentralization of merchandizing and thus reduce established real estate values. A new subway in construction on Eighth Avenue, however, promises to reduce this congestion somewhat. No sooner do these facts appear than the city authorities increase the permissible height of buildings along the route of the new subway, in the very congested district. Thus a new

crop of skyscrapers is invited which will fill the new subway to overflowing and augment the existing crowds. The only ones to profit from such a measure will obviously be those who can buy the land cheaply, put up the buildings, and profit from the increase in values created by the subway construction. Thus millions of dollars poured into additional rapid transit, ostensibly with the idea of providing greater comfort for passengers, are, as Mr. Henry Curran of the City Club aptly puts it, "thrown into the soup." The vice of the vicious circle created by new subways, skyscrapers, and outlying living districts ought by now to be apparent.

These Unruly Revolutions

THE Chinese Revolution is behaving as a genuine revolution should behave. That is, it is not behaving according to expectations. It is ignoring the prophecies of both its friends and its enemies. Its friends anticipated, apparently, the quick and smooth occupation of China as far as the Manchurian and Mongolian borders by the Cantonese troops, resulting in the establishment at an early date of the authority throughout the whole of this territory of an acknowledged and a coherent Nationalist government. The events of the last few weeks have rendered such a quick triumph doubtful. Its enemies, on the other hand, have been counting either on the defeat of the Cantonese army before it occupied the neighborhood of Shanghai or on some aggressive act on the part of the Nationalists which would provoke and excuse British military resistance to them. Instead, the left and the right wings of the Kuomintang are involved in a struggle for supremacy, and it looks up to date as if the right wing, which is opposed to violence against foreigners, would have to assert its superiority by using violence against the Chinese. In the meantime, however, the advance on Peking seems to be checked, and at this distance it is impossible to estimate how prolonged the check will be.

The future course of the Chinese Nationalist revolution is at best a matter of the wildest speculation. Since it started to move away from Canton, it has had until recently an almost uninterrupted career of success, but now it is being held up both by military reverses and internal dissensions. We doubt whether anybody has sufficient reason for guessing, even plausibly, how soon or how far the reverses will be reversed and when the dissensions will be overcome. The task of westernizing the organization of China, which the Nationalist leaders have undertaken, is one of colossal dimensions and wholly unprecedented and incalculable difficulties. No one knows enough to predict the vicissitudes and convulsions which China will undergo during the operation, or the effect of these convulsions upon the Chinese people and upon Europeans and Americans with interests in China. Probably the im-

pulse which carried the Nationalist army victoriously along the difficult and hazardous road from Canton to Shanghai will later carry it on to Peking. The recent reverse presumably means no more than a delay and, perhaps, a desirable delay. The Nationalist leaders may or may not find it necessary to suspend aggressive military operations until they have consolidated their recently acquired territory and repaired their fences. But unless the outer world has been entirely deceived about the volume and vitality of the Nationalist agitation in China, the Cantonese army will sooner, rather than later, resume an advance which in the end will prove to be irresistible.

The most serious obstacles which the Nationalists will have to overcome are not military: they are political, social, economic and moral. They will begin to appear after the occupation of Peking and the recognition of a Nationalist government by the western powers. It has still to be proved that the Kuomintang can develop sufficient party unity and discipline to supply China with a firm and authoritative government and sufficient political ability to impose its program upon a lethargic society. No doubt the older and more conservative ingredients in Chinese society are now prepared for a more fundamental change than any which their country has endured for some thousands of years, but one can only guess whether the young intellectuals, who supply the brains and the energy of the Kuomintang, can, without setting up a dictatorship, agree among themselves upon the kind and amount of government which the new China needs and upon the best way of vindicating its authority. For the present, the right wing has retained control, and seems to have adopted the summary and drastic method of asserting party discipline by cutting off the heads of some of the "red" dissenters. Whether this bloodshed will mean their undoing or their salvation, we do not know. But the incident should suggest to a liberal American one sinister question which, in his enthusiasm about the new China, he might overlook. Will a people like the Chinese, who for centuries have not considered good government important and have held human life cheap, adjust themselves to an authoritative and progressive government except as the result of ruthless compulsion? The imposition of national responsibility and social reconstruction upon such a huge mass of politically uneducated people may cost an amount of bloodshed and suffering which will seem high even to the students of the grim chronicles of previous revolutions.

It seems impossible to exaggerate either the importance of the Chinese Revolution or its incalculability. It will alter the balance of power, not in Europe but in the world. It will directly affect from ten to twenty times the number of people who were, during its different phases, affected by the French Revolution, and at least three times the number of people that are being affected by the Russian Rev-

olution. In the cases of France and Russia, the revolutions exterminated obstacles to a process of national and social development which was called for by the logic of their civilization. But the Chinese civilization, which is so much older than that of the West and so different in its motives and aspirations, has hitherto consciously dispensed with responsible national government and ignored the possibility of methodical social progress. The Chinese cannot, consequently, adapt themselves to the ideals of the Kuomintang without reforming their culture and recreating their religion. They are a people in whom conduct has always been closely related to a vision of the truth and whose vision of the truth looked upon progress as an illusion.

For several thousand years, the Chinese conscience has schooled itself to endure the sufferings, the vicissitudes and the discords of life with enlightened resignation. The Chinese spiritual leaders have been disillusioned yet cheerful realists. They enjoyed graciously and temperately the goods which life in an inhuman world offered, but they sought their self-fulfillment by refusing to ask for much to be fulfilled. It was their particular way. The western peoples and the Jews have been worldly but unresigned. The East Indians have been unworldly but restless. In China, on the other hand, worldly resignation has been accompanied by spiritual peace. Although the Chinese have not fled away from life, they have reduced its inevitable friction and discontent by letting one another and foreigners alone in a spirit of grave courtesy and by asking to be let alone themselves. Human beings could, from their point of view, do most for one another by showing the most scrupulous mutual consideration, and it was by a similar self-denial that they could do most for themselves. They could cultivate a state of mind which would deliver them from vulgar illusions, which would endure with a firm smile the disappointments and frustrations of life, and which would find sufficient compensation in human companionship and in pious meditation. The Chinese people have cherished a religion of positive acquiescence which delivered them from hazardous and adventurous agitation.

But the restless West would not let China alone. They began to rub against this gigantic and seemingly inert mass of nobly resigned but somewhat ignobly self-satisfied people. They finally wore the skin away, exposed the raw flesh of their victim and wounded his self-respect. They have started a profound agitation in the spirit of the largest human mass in the world. The new China has for the time being abandoned a resignation which for three generations has brought with it humiliation rather than tranquil self-possession. It is taking over in a characteristically thoroughgoing form the whole body of western aspirations, methods, institutions and spiritual vistas. It is substituting discontent for serenity, effort for submission, political and moral defiance for fatalism, a sense of collective respon-

sibility for individualistic indifference, the experimental revision of social conduct for immemorial routine, and methodical activity as a way of life for benevolent but disillusioned contemplation. It has undertaken the stupendous task of equipping a people who have cherished for thousands of years an enlightened submission to privation with the outlook and the technology of an avid western progressive society. It may or may not succeed. It may or may not continue to try. Only during the last few hundred years have the western peoples themselves ventured with some confidence on this mad enterprise of infusing right into this stubbornly wrong old world. It will be more difficult to make headway with it in over-populated, famine-infested China than in Europe or America. The response to it will be written in generations or centuries of labor, of research, of experimentation, of self-examination, of abortive successes and constructive failures and, we fear, of unimaginable suffering on the part of the Chinese people.

But awful as it may seem to agitate dangerously the lives of 400,000,000 people who had already moderated their demands upon life to a measurable estimate of their capabilities, the Chinese have, in undertaking the adventure, chosen the better part. The Chinese conscience had achieved its moral equilibrium in an exclusive world and at the price of an amiable but none the less fatuous self-satisfaction. It endured many humiliations in the effort to preserve this self-satisfaction, but the time came when submission to an increasing loss of its self-respect became intolerable. Thus the largest single reservoir of human energy in the world, which has been immobilized for centuries, has started to move. The momentous torrent of the new river can hardly find its way to the sea without seeming in the beginning to be chiefly destructive in its effects. Many Europeans and Americans are very much annoyed because it proposes to sweep away the upstart foreign eruptions on the face of China as ruthlessly as it is sweeping away the time-honored complacency of the Chinese spirit, but, before the revolution is over, that will be the least of its offenses. The new China will in the end do as much to dislocate Europe and America as Europe and America have done to dislocate the old China.

The mobilization of the Chinese collective energy and conscience is bound, in the course of time, to upset the distribution of power and authority among the peoples of the world. As soon as the revolt of Asia becomes effective, it will force western Christendom to consider how far its own motives for self-satisfaction will bear hostile scrutiny and challenge. The civilization of Europe and America has not, to be sure, been as exclusive and complacent as that of China. It has been forced to take conscientious account of many domestic ferments and foreign invasions. When, during the nineteenth century, the two civilizations began to clash, the West, with its organized aggressiveness,

its relative technical efficiency and its partial reconciliation of competition with coöperation, found more reason for self-satisfaction than the East. It forced Japan and China to seek a recovery of their self-respect by imitating the West. But as soon as the 400,000,000 Chinese are mobilized for collective self-assertion, the burden of self-justification will be shifted to Europe and America. For the techniques of industry, society and government and the spiritual restlessness which they have communicated to the Chinese, when confronted by colossal problems which loom up as a consequence of the awakening of the East, look singularly crude, inadequate, impoverished and immature. It remains to be seen whether they can be improved to meet the new requirements. Perhaps the Chinese tradition of cheerful, sustained and enlightened resignation, if it can be divorced from the old tendency to self-satisfaction, may issue a challenge to the optimistic restlessness of western civilization which will compel the Christian conscience to watch its step and possibly to find its way of fulfillment more in imaginative vision and less in restless activity.

The Big Taxpayers' Shell Game

WHEN the salaried or wage-earning reader puts a little money in the savings bank, or pays his life insurance premium, or even buys a bond or a share of stock, does he deduct that sum from his income before he calculates his federal income tax? Of course not. The law does not permit it, and we assume that our readers make honest returns. The reader whose modest income arises chiefly from his own efforts may be surprised to learn, however, that those who have large incomes, and get them in the form of dividends, interest or rent, can and often do, under the sanction of Mr. Mellon's Bureau of Internal Revenue, make just this sort of deduction. It is quite possible to evade personal income taxes on that part of an income which is paid in the form of a return on property, and which is saved or reinvested.

The device by which this result is achieved is a closely held corporation, which receives the investment income of the person or family in question, pays out to them as dividends what they wish to spend, and reinvests what they wish to save. This reinvested portion does not count as part of the income of persons who own the corporation. It is not counted in when they reckon their surtaxes. The corporation which receives it, in turn, is subject only to the normal corporation tax, which may easily be smaller than the surtax would be on a personal income of the same size. Thus the large-income receiver is accorded a substantial privilege in evading taxation, not possible to the man of lesser means.

A recent report to William Green, chairman of

the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, reveals some startling facts of this sort. It refers, for example, to a certain corporation which is owned entirely by one family. The records of the net income and the dividends paid by this corporation are as follows:

Year	Net Income	Dividends Paid
1922	\$138,556,008	\$13,811,600
1923	115,884,461	none
1924	131,945,287	14,674,825
1925	138,841,498	16,401,275
	525,227,254	44,887,700

In four years this family has thus been able to reckon its surtaxes on less than one-tenth of the amount that it would have had to take as the base if this simple tax-evading device had not been found.

An even more striking case is one in which the corporation tax is evaded. A certain holding corporation's income in 1923 was made up as follows: Dividends, \$147,008; profit from the sale of capital assets, \$23,024; interest received, \$1,764; total, \$171,796. The company, however, had borrowed a large sum, presumably for the purpose of buying securities, since virtually all of its income consisted of dividends and interest. On this borrowed money it paid interest of \$50,608. The deduction of this interest made the net profit \$121,188. Dividends, moreover, were not taxable in the hands of the corporate recipient, being subject to the corporation tax at the source. Deducting these left a net taxable income of minus \$25,820. This company made no distribution of its profit, and thus the government received no tax whatever on the income represented. Yet the owners of the company made and reinvested \$121,188. How would you like to receive and save over \$100,000 without paying a cent of income taxes on it?

Another closely owned corporation made a net profit of \$7,920,908 in the seven years 1918 to 1924 inclusive, and yet has never paid a dollar of income tax. During this time it paid dividends in only two years, and their total was \$720,000. The owners—chiefly a banker and his wife—thus figured their taxes on but \$720,000 of the income in question, while they were really receiving and investing over \$7,000,000.

The revenue acts ever since 1918 have tried to prevent this sort of thing. Section 220 of the 1918 act provided that if any corporation enabled its owners to escape surtax through the accumulation of surplus, the owners should be liable to the same tax as if the surplus earnings had been distributed. In 1921 the provision was changed so that the tax should fall on the corporation rather than the stockholder. Both these provisions were defective, however, in that they did not provide against the fact that dividends were deductible in reckoning taxable net income by corporations, though they must be counted in reckoning surtaxes by individuals. The

law of 1924 remedied this defect by redefining taxable net income as used in Section 220 to include dividends.

The administration of the law has, according to the report to Mr. Green, been very lax. Only seventy-eight cases under it had reached the rules and regulation section of the Income Tax Unit from 1918 up to October 1, 1926. Of these, the unit has thrown out twenty-six as not coming within the scope of the law. Of the remaining fifty-two, thirty-nine were still awaiting hearing before general counsel, eleven had been thrown out after hearing, and in only two were the additional taxes sustained. These taxes have not yet been paid, and the cases will probably go before the Board of Tax Appeals. Only one case has arisen under the law of 1924.

The report holds that the Bureau was mistaken in dismissing many of the cases which came before it, and points out other cases which did not come before it, but which obviously call for a remedy. How many more there are which ought to be taken up nobody knows, but the practice is reported to be general.

It should be noted that even the law does not cover ordinary corporations which are not formed for the purpose of evading surtaxes. Yet business corporations, large and small, have the habit of saving and reinvesting much of their profits. These profits belong to the owners, and, if they were distributed to the individuals and reinvested by them, would have to be counted in reckoning the surtaxes. Thus the large share-owner is exempted from tax obligations as the small investor is not, even if he takes no special measures to evade the law.

If Mr. Mellon is eager to increase the large incomes subject to surtax, he should give more attention to this matter and less to tax-exempt bonds or lower rates.

Scabbard and Rattle

SOME time ago, a pamphlet was issued by the Committee on Militarism in Education, giving carefully collected information regarding the extent and nature of military training in American higher schools, and stating the reasons against the attempt to push the movement. The pamphlet was accompanied by a list of fifty or so indorsing names, composed of men and women eminent in education, philanthropy, political and clerical life. To most persons, the desirability of military training, especially of a compulsory nature, as an educational measure would seem a legitimate subject for publicity and discussion. Not so, however, to the National Society of the staff officers and officers-in-training of various military departments and R. O. T. C.'s in American universities. To their minds, the discussion is proof of insidious and subversive forces engaged in tearing down national defense.

The endorsers of the pamphlet are working "in line with instructions received from the Communist (Third) International."

This weighty news is given out in the official organ of the military departments of American universities and colleges, *Scabbard and Blade*, which is distributed to the student officers in these institutions, bi-weekly, and is readily obtained by all organizations and clubs desirous of keeping tab on those radicals who are either the tools, paid hirelings or dupes of Moscow. As a blade is supposed to be sharp and there appears no evidence of any intellectual acuteness in the document, while there is a great deal of rattling of the scabbard, we have taken the liberty of suggesting a more appropriate title. As an indication of the sharpness of intellect of those who shake the rattle not to amuse but to scare the infants whom they assume to form the body of students in our institutions of learning, we find listed, among others: Jane Addams, Carrie Chapman Catt, Zona Gale and Mary E. Wooley (sic). As, doubtless, many of the officers are personally gentlemen, we wonder how they privately regard this exhibition of the traditional chivalry of the army-man. Among public men attacked are Senators Borah (does he not favor the recognition of Russia by the United States?), La Follette (among the damning items of evidence against several subverters of our country is the fact that they supported his father for President in the last campaign), Norris and Shipstead. Among college presidents, are, in addition to Miss Woolley, Drs. MacCracken of Vassar and Coffin of Union Seminary. Philanthropists, college professors, clergymen, including bishops, labor leaders, editors, etc., complete the roll.

One's first impulse is to dismiss the matter as incredible drivel, or to wish that Mr. Mencken would turn his battery of epithets upon these scabbard-rattlers. Of course, no one whose name appears on the list is going to be intimidated or injured; each one probably regards it as an honor to appear there. But the matter cannot be so easily dismissed. There is evidence that these documents, circulated among college students, Y. M. C. A.'s and other student organizations, are partly responsible for the recent manifestations in a number of colleges directed against "liberal" speakers. When any speaker is announced to address a college forum, his dossier promptly appears on the bulletin board of the fraternities of those colleges which have military training. It is a revelation of the intellectual plane on which many students live, so terrible that one hesitates to believe it, but there are facts to show that they are seriously influenced by this propaganda of the rattle. Some college presidents have the courage of the rabbit; they are also affected. Men not as secure in positions of public esteem as those whom we have mentioned are sufficiently intimidated to conceal or modify their sentiments when they find that they are to be held up before the

public as dangerously subversive characters. It is a frightful thing to think that the authors have gauged correctly the intelligence and intellectual manliness of a considerable part of the American public. But the facts go to show that the rattle is mightier than the pen.

The most serious part of the exhibit is the evidence that there is an alliance between the professionalized militarists of the country and certain economic interests. For example, part of the damning record of ex-Governor Sweet is a quotation from a speech in which he praised the English co-operative movement, and went so far as to say that the "salvation of society depends upon substitution of the coöperative ideal of service for the present creed of need for profits." Part of the indictment of Senator Norris is that he sent a telegram favoring an investigation of "a blast at an Illinois Steel Company plant." He even dared to say that "in some way the public ought to know the facts connected with it." One of the clergymen "is identified with the Church League for Industrial Democracy." Zona Gale was "a supporter of La Follette and is said to stand in with the Communist crowd." (They have never heard of her, apparently, as a novel-writer.) Of a college professor, it is said that he is a member of the Federation of Teachers. Of Bishop Brewster of Maine, it is stated that he is vice-president of the Church Socialist League, and he has joined in publicly "condemning the industrial system which is responsible for present social conditions." We submit that the state of Tennessee has by comparison been slandered. Dayton stands out as an intellectual light-house by the side of those who shake the rattle and those who listen in dread to it. Their breadth of sympathies is indicated by the fact that the unsavory record of five or six of these subversive characters includes the information that they are interested in uplift of Negroes. Indeed, there is hardly a humane movement of the last ten years which does not figure as a ground of suspicion against someone, as a link in a chain which leads to Moscow. It is humiliating to confess it, but it is to be feared that no other country in the world could have produced a document of such stupefying ignorance and intellectual degradation.

We quote a passage in full, lest it be thought that the scabbard-rattlers do not actually intend the enumeration of philanthropic and humane activities to serve as evidence of guilt: "The records of the signers and endorsers of the pamphlet are given herewith. They made the records. We merely report them. Any citizen with a grain of sense, after reading this document and the records of the signers, can come to but one conclusion, namely, that there is a large size 'colored gentleman' in the woodpile and THAT woodpile is in Moscow, Russia." Needless to say, the Lusk report is regarded as an infallible authority on dangerous radicals, while an effort to repeal the Lusk laws repeatedly appears as a charge in an indictment. It is doubtful whether

the authors of the document even know that the laws have been repealed. It is possible that their information is wide enough so that they have heard of one Al Smith, but if they have any knowledge that he was the active force in repeal of the laws, they successfully conceal it. Since the local branches of the Scabbard and Rattle defend the authority of their reports by intimations that the War Department is behind them, it is the business of the War Department either to disclaim these personal attacks or to assume responsibility for them.

The logic of the document, if its authors can be accused of reasoning power, is contained in the following statement: "In substantiation of this charge, we quote two of the five principal points of the foreign policy of Russia as given in their 'official mouthpiece,' namely, *Imprecorr*, published in Vienna, Austria: No. 2: 'To conduct a peace policy to form the center of the whole foreign policy of the Soviet government and to be the basis of all its international actions.' No. 5: 'To take all measures to consolidate the defensive forces of the country [Russia] and to strengthen the Red army, navy and air fleets.'" Since the army officers responsible for the document also profess a desire for peaceful relations with other nations until we are attacked, and since they also wish to strengthen our own national defense, it is evident that their own policy is identical with that they attribute to Soviet Russia. By a stricter use of the logic which they employ, they must take their clue also from Moscow and act "in line with instructions received from the Communist (Third) International." That they are dupes and tools of somebody, they make clear. If decent citizens of the country, whose word has weight and who are not connected with any liberalizing economic movement and who confine their advocacy of international peace to strictly conventional means, were to speak out, they could easily put a stop to this rattling of scabbards for purposes of intimidation. We dislike to believe that, while they would not use such methods personally, they make themselves passive accomplices because they are willing to see discredited those of a more liberal shade of conviction.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1927, IN THE U. S., BY
THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN GILBERT SELDES
ELINOR WYLIE LEO WOLMAN LEWIS MUMFORD

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION,
FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS;
FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

A Little Tour in France

NO one who visits France in these days can fail to notice everywhere definite signs of psychological appeasement. The financial situation may still be dubious and obscure; here and there may be raised voices which mutter against Germany the old note of bitter revenge; yet, in the main, the evidence of intellectual health abounds on every side. I have recently returned from a brief holiday which brought me into contact with many phases of French thought. So much of what I have encountered seems to me to have escaped the professional reporters, that it is perhaps worth while to find words for an atmosphere that I found both suggestive and exhilarating.

I note, first of all, the growing number of people I encountered to whom the Peace Treaties were a definite wrong. They speak now in terms of the dynamic of peace. They seek not merely the old, bad safeguards against an assault on French security; they insist that security means openness with your neighbors. They are anxious to know their minds. They deliberately cultivate acquaintance with contemporary thinkers in England, Germany and the United States. They speak of Wells and Shaw, of Thomas Mann and Feuchtwanger, of Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson, as good Europeans should. With them, respect for Keynes does not mean that you are a defeatist, but an intelligent economist. They insist that the spirit of the League of Nations is imposed as a moral duty upon this generation. They speak of Germany not as a past foe, but as a future friend. They realize by how narrow a thread the peace of Europe hangs. They have no thought of adventures that may endanger its maintenance.

Those of whom I write are, doubtless, in the degree of their perception apart from the common run of opinion. In the ordinary sense, they are not politicians. University professors, men of letters, civil servants whose leisure is devoted to the study of ideas, scholars to whom the patient reconstruction of the past is all-important, or scientists who span the physical hinterland of space—these, for the most part, are the men with whom I talked. Yet I believe that it was in degree rather than in essence that they stood apart from the man in the street. In the lobbies of the Chamber I did not meet the fire-eaters of 1923. In the music-halls the *chansonniers* laughed genially at England, Germany, America, but their invective was for Mussolini. In the cafés the *patron* spoke to me of sympathy with Stresemann, and it was against Italy that he was indignant. In the trade unions, the enthusiasm was for Barbusse, and the two names most reverently pronounced were Anatole France and Jaurès. Maurras and the Action Française merely intrigued my friends. They were none of them good Catholics; but they all were convinced

that Rome was on the side of the Republic and full of delight at royalist discomfiture. They had none of the intransigence about China that one discovers among similar people in England. They took it as inevitable that China would proceed on the highway of Westernism; and they regarded recent events as the price that France, in common with Europe, must pay for her previous imperialism.

All this, I say, was an exhilarating experience; for three years ago, when I pursued a similar adventure, I had very different encounters. In part, doubtless, it is the astonishing power of human nature to recuperate; but in part, also, it is the result of a fertility of ideas in France today which is well worthy of attention. This is not, let me insist, to be found in the political field. The commonest feeling in France is one of dubiousness about parliamentarism. The deputy is distrusted; the minister is regarded merely as a successful adventurer who has outdistanced his rivals. Nor is it, in my own judgment, to be found among the professional students of politics. The War has left them unmoved. MM. Hauriou, Duguit, Berthlémy, Gény are saying today much what they said in 1914. There is not, in their more recent pronouncements, any richer perspective that I can discover; M. Duguit, indeed, seems to me definitely to have retrogressed, and to write now of the State (for all the radicalism of his terminology) much like an idealist unconscious of what he is preaching. Nor, finally, is this renaissance that I discern among the ranks of labor. Any formal kind of socialist doctrine seems to me discredited and comatose; and the communists merely repeat the gospel of the Third International without any special note of distinction.

My own vague guess is that the temper of which I write is discoverable in two directions. It is visible, first of all, in the characteristics of general literature. That has a cosmopolitan breadth of interest, an experimental outlook, a receptivity, that are almost excessive in their profusion. I do not think—Valéry and André Gide apart—that there are any outstanding figures. There is the natural iconoclasm of a period which searches—at present, vainly—for its synthesis. There are the fads and hobbies, like the endeavor to present Proust as a great man and Anatole France as a small one. But what emerges, for me, in the welter of confusion is a sense of intellectual excitement, a feeling of being on the threshold of a great epoch which, with due allowance for error and friendship and desire, I cannot somehow put aside.

I do not pretend to know what is to be its outcome. But I think of a large room crowded with eager people in the home of an old ambassador, himself a distinguished man of letters. I hear novelists, poets, critics, university teachers, all anxiously discussing the future of the State. We must

rediscover, I am told, the significance of the individual. We must provide him with the avenues through which his wants can find expression. We must break up the vast and unified republic into intermediate loyalties small enough to permit the ordinary man access to the sources of power. We must make education skeptical in temper. We must destroy the influence of property as such. We must make of peace a religion at least as deep and earnest as war. An old economist breaks in to insist that *laissez-faire* is the remedy for all things; and my old Ambassador is vehement and scornful of a dogma buried, he exclaims, in the geologic strata of the pre-war epoch. Decentralization, a functional theory of government, a Europe knit together by free trade, a moral experience unified by interchange of teachers and pupils in school and university—I hear, in brief, the ideals that in the eighteenth century made France the parent of liberal doctrine insisted upon as the only creed a reasonable man could bear to hold. Russia, in general, they condemn; but it is with the annotation that the world must make its peace with Russia and woo her purposes by a different path. And my host ends the evening with a plea for a European outlook that overleaps the barriers of race and state—a *patrie intellectuelle* to which, in common, men give allegiance, whatever their origin. I went out into the night air and had to brace myself to the memory that Poincaré was Prime Minister and the Allied troops still on the Rhine.

I repeat that I see no sign that any positive doctrine is emerging; we are too near Versailles for that. I repeat also that, among the younger men, there is, though plenty of talent, nothing yet that resembles genius or leadership. There is plenty of disillusion, plenty of skepticism, too much of wilful rejection of values and standards as a pose. But there is also a sound desire to transform values in terms of new purposes, a search for new institutional foundations, an anxiety to explore and to understand alien experience. This last, I would add, is of the first importance. Anyone who wishes to comprehend the eighteenth century in France must first grasp the degree to which the submission of foreign experience changed the character of national demand. There is today a body of workers in France whose impact is similar on their compatriots. It is not insignificant that the best book on English literature is by two French professors, or that the most subtle analysis of the contemporary English novel should be by a Frenchman. Few English writers are harder to understand, for the Latin mind, than Milton and Bunyan; but the most recent studies of them by Frenchmen have triumphantly overleaped the boundaries national temperament too often demarcates. The interest in America is not less intense. If it is less ardent about Germany, still it grows; and the literature of Bolshevik Russia is far more adequately available in French than it is for Englishmen or Americans. When a people begins to meditate upon alien experi-

ence, that is always the threshold of a great revival. So Italy influenced England in the Elizabethan period; so England influenced France in the time of Voltaire.

I add, of course, that I cannot measure the extent of this attitude; and that I do not ignore the existence of profound counter-currents of opinion. In general, the universities seem to me very conservative, and the body of student opinion tends, as in Germany, to be reactionary. Official politics are not, to any visible degree, inspired by a devotion to higher purposes than they were at Versailles. The Church is as much as ever an enclave in French civilization, influential, important, impressive, but out of touch with the main stream of French civilization. Local institutions are in visible decay; and I doubt whether even the heroic ordinances of M. Jonnart are likely to revive them. In a sense, as the ambassador I have mentioned said to me, France may well have to pass through a period of moral and political anarchy before she attains a new equilibrium. It is possible also, as a young critic remarked with emphasis, that to attain riches she may "étatiser l'individu" and so pass to a new feudalism from which violence alone would win release. And, not less obviously, the sinister mountebank of Italy may create a situation which would destroy the renaissance before it was completely born. I am not seeking to assess certainties. I report only my conviction that there is on the horizon that cloud no bigger than a man's hand which presages the cleansing rain. Our business is to do all we can to make possible a harvest as rich as the prospect seems to promise.

London.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Night

Night, she of the dark and secret laughter, spinning
Silver unquiet trickery, sings beside her stream
Of deepening hours while the drowsed earth turns and
the stars are thinning
And the east fires gleam.

Softly she watches and smiles, still weaving beside those
waters
Never-ebbing and old, her nets of silver unfaith.
Vast through the voids of darkness she sings to her lovely
daughters,
Sleep and Death—

"Hush the hearts of lovers, hush their golden speaking,
Carve their lips to quiet, stop the hands that strove
With unholy brightness, all the ancient seeking
Of lovers for love."

Night, by the harsh unending tide of hours sits weaving
Treacherous silver (Beware, O lovers, the silver of
Night!)

Darkling in chaos she sings of love, of love's brief be-
reaving
Worlds of light.

MARJORIE MEEKER.

Shanghai: Where Fear Breeds Hate

SHANGHAI bristles. The boundaries of the International Settlement are bordered, for fifteen miles, with an unlovely fringe of barbed-wire entanglements. Bomb screens and barbed-wire "nests" and impromptu forts of sandbags and bamboo guard the streets that lead off into the Chinese city. Beyond the settlement and the barbed wire are British outposts, artillery placements and neat rows of field tents.

Business along the Bund proceeds as usual, but under the comforting shadow of the international fleet that crowds the river. There are parades almost daily—the Suffolks or the Gloucesters, the American Marines or, as today, the Coldstream Guards. At every parade, Shanghai—European Shanghai—lines the walks and cheers, doffs its hat to the colors and goes back, a little more contented, to its bartering and bridge.

There is bristling, too, among Shanghai's non-combatants. In fact, so far as the peace of the place is concerned, the Army, the Navy and the Marines—now that they are here—are relatively inoffensive. One debarking contingent demanded:

"How far and what way to the nearest Nationalist army?" For the most part, however, they are probably not altogether aware of why they came or what the uproar, if there is an uproar, is all about. And it is possible that a majority of them may be considerably chagrined that their job, up to now, has been so prosaic.

But bristling, non-combatant Shanghai is doing its best to help them out on that last point. After all, even with the best mannered troops, service dances and teas are a poor substitute for a fight. Twenty thousand soldiers who have come so far can hardly be sent home disappointed. And they won't be—not if these patriots of the settlement can help it.

It is said that there are two British policies toward China: the policy of Downing Street and that of the Shanghai Club. That statement needs one modification. Observers generally agree that the opinions which are expounded over the sun-down whiskey and soda at the Shanghai Club have altered, at times, the conclusions of Downing Street. But I have never heard anyone claim that the influence of Downing Street could change, by one jot or tittle, the opinions of the Shanghai Club. They are as unyielding and, in the present situation, as grim as the gray stone of the business blocks that line the Bund.

If trouble comes in Shanghai and there is bloodshed and the twenty thousand troops are called into action, historians will one day recognize how large a share of blame must rest upon these non-combatant Europeans whose bloodthirsty declarations are a daily incitement to violence. They will deserve to stand, at the very least, close to those who

agitate, with somewhat cruder methods, at the other end of the city's social scale.

It must be made plain, of course, that not all of the foreign community in the International Settlement shares in the opinions or participates in the propaganda of these high-caste agitators. Probably a majority of the British and American missionary community believes in the Chinese and in their capacity for self-government, and looks upon the present Kuomintang movement as a genuinely hopeful development. The missionaries, incidentally, are the only group in China's foreign population who have an intimate knowledge of the people of the country upon which to base their conclusions. This superior information and the sympathetic conclusions to which it has led have aroused the aggressive bitterness of the anti-Chinese element, particularly in the business community. It is decidedly an off-day when the papers of Shanghai do not print, in some form or other, an attack on the pro-Chinese missionaries who are "betraying the white race in the East." A friend of mine was hailed by an acquaintance in Shanghai the other day with the accusation that: "You're one of those folks who love the Chinese."

And when my friend admitted the charge, he was told that: "We'd do better out here if we had fewer of your kind."

But the missionaries are not altogether alone in this position. With them is a minority—but a rather significant minority—of British and American business men. Needless to say, this group suffers the ignominy of being disapproved of by the Shanghai Club. I know several prominent members of the business community who, having classed themselves with those who have some regard for the Chinese, are now obliged to eke out a social existence without aid from that organization. One of them—an American with extensive interests throughout the Far East—declared recently:

"As a business proposition, if for no other reason, I should be willing to lose all of my investment in China if that would help toward unifying the country. With a united country, I could win back and double my holdings in ten years."

This, as I have already pointed out, is a minority opinion. It is the product of an effort to understand China and the Chinese people and, in consequence, is bitterly resented by those—and they include, doubtless, a majority of the city's American and British business men—who have done no studying, made few friendships among the Chinese and, as a result, are in a position to flaunt their prejudices, unhampered by facts.

There are numerous illustrations of the deplorable influence of these prejudices upon events here in China. The recent, bitterly discussed parade

of the American Marines through the streets of the International Settlement is a case in point.

The troop-ship on which the Marines were brought to Shanghai is anchored some distance below the city. American officials, including the acting consul-general, made it known that there would be no provocative display of American force; that the troops would live on shipboard and exercise on the spacious grounds near the anchorage; that only a few score would be allowed shore leave at a time; and, finally, that the United States would not join the cordon that is thrown around the Settlement, but, in case of trouble, would use its troops to protect life and property within the concession. When this policy of "hands-off" was made known it eased, considerably, a situation that had grown more tense with every new debarkation of foreign soldiers. That one of the powers had refused to participate in the general program of intimidation helped, if in only a small way, to strengthen the moderates in the Kuomintang.

But the reactionaries in the foreign community were incensed. There was a good deal of frantic sputtering in the local press, and out of it. Steps were taken to modify America's independent action. Our marine and naval officers were taken under the kindly wing of like-minded British and Americans. There were many whiskeys and much talk. The United States was alleged to have "lost her nerve"; the American government was freely criticized as "pacifistic." And the bloodthirsty non-combatants soon were able to rouse the American officers. Some "show of force" on the part of the Marines was demanded. The acting consul-general protested against any such action and then, when he found it useless to protest, urged that the parade be a mild one—without colors or a band and without the usual march through the Race Course.

On all of these points he was over-ruled. The Marines paraded with colors and a band and wound up at the Race Course. The thinking minority of British and Americans were chagrined. But from the Shanghai Club's point of view, the American display was a genuine victory.

"After all," as a Shanghai lecturer declared the other day, "it is ridiculous and un-Christian to try to handle the mailed fist with kid gloves."

Similarly, in the attitude toward the recently negotiated Hankow agreement, the influence of anti-Chinese prejudices is apparent. It is likely that the signing of the Hankow agreement was one of the greatest blows that have yet fallen upon the extremists of the Kuomintang. That an amicable arrangement, so satisfactory to the Chinese, could be worked out with such expedition was not anticipated. I was in the city of Foochow, the rather inaccessible capital of Fukien Province, when the agreement was published. For days prior to that time, and pending the outcome at Hankow, the situation of the foreigners in Foochow was uncertain. As soon as it was made known that a settlement had been reached, the tenseness was relieved. The same

result, I am told, was felt in every remote foreign community in China.

But none of these things moved the Shanghai reactionaries. With the exception of one paper—which is damned for its Kuomintang sympathies—the English-language dailies of Shanghai have carried on a bitter campaign against the Hankow agreement ever since it was signed. It is branded as a Downing Street surrender; as utterly unworkable; and as presaging the complete destruction of foreign interests in the country. What most infuriates is the evident fact that the British government, at Hankow, preferred to compromise rather than to declare war.

These infuriated ones are agreed that there shall be no such choice in Shanghai. Their editorials and speeches and social conversations are all designed to make that choice impossible. One of them—an official—expressed the general opinion when he said, the other day: "We will keep Shanghai until the streets run knee-deep in blood."

It is fortunate, in view of these things, that the policies of Downing Street and Washington are not altogether determined across the extensive bars of Shanghai's European clubs.

For this majority opinion in Shanghai is molded not only out of prejudice, but out of fear. It is not that the Nationalist movement has a certain amount of Russian backing that gives alarm, but that the Nationalists are succeeding, and that their success involves the destruction of those special shelters under which the European has done business. The future of the dollars-and-cents foreigner in China appears to be less rosy than his past has been. He may be obliged to act, in China, as he would be obliged to act at home. The prospect is appalling.

I have heard it maintained, however, that this majority opinion must be considerably discounted. Prejudice and fear, it is said, have had a physiological effect. A disease peculiar to the International Settlement has resulted. The cure may be unknown, but the name is fixed:

"Shanghaiitis."

Shanghai, China.

STANLEY HIGH.

Innocent Landscape

Here is no peace, although the air has fainted,
And footfalls die and are buried in deep grass,
And reverential trees are softly painted
Like saints upon an oriel of glass.

The pattern of the atmosphere is spherical,
A bubble in the silence of the sun,
Blown thinner by the very breath of miracle
Around a core of loud confusion.

Here is no virtue; here is nothing blessed
Save this foredoomed suspension of the end;
Faith is the blossom, but the fruit is cursed;
Go hence, for it is useless to pretend.

ELINOR WYLIE.

Away Down South

Casual Notes of a Traveler in the Land of the New Frontier

I

DOWN in Dixie they tell you, and always with cheerful pride, that the South is the new frontier. It is today at the stage of development which the West had reached about twenty years ago. If you will travel the length and breadth of it, as I have lately done, stopping at practically every town big enough to support a Publix movie theater, you feel this to be true. There is a thrill in the air; big tomorrows seem to be coming around the corner. Despite Florida's punctured bubble, everywhere people expect to be richer next week than they are this afternoon. I made my visit before the recent disastrous floods had begun; but I am sure that these, despite the millions of dollars they have cost, will do no more than cause the South to stagger momentarily. It has too many rainbows in the sky to listen long to any prophet of evil.

Along the Gulf coast, from Pass Christian to Pensacola, it is winter hotels, with Chicago millions being poured out to put over magnolia blossoms in a big way. In New Orleans it is barges on the Mississippi—thousands of big new steel barges, which are expected to begin, at any moment, whizzing back and forth to Pittsburgh and Chicago. In Florida, as they tell you in Yankee tones, it is still oranges and tourists—"We're busted now, but you wait! Ain't our climate still here? Ain't we within forty hours of 70,000,000 people? Hurricane nothing! Didn't blow away a single house that had been properly nailed together." In Birmingham, that almost unique natural storehouse of everything needed for the steel industry, it is rolling mills. In all Northern Alabama and Southern Tennessee it is hydro-electric power. Over on the eastern coastal plain (but there they talk in a gently melancholy undertone just now) it is textiles.

Nowhere is it cotton, in 1927. In Savannah, with the sad pride of the worst sufferer in the hospital, they show you a monstrous warehouse, parading its tens of thousands of bales, big oblongs hooped with wire, so compressed that they must certainly explode over forty acres, if the wire were cut. "Cost to grow, seventeen cents a pound," says the Savannahian grimly. "Worth, fourteen cents. Not much money in doing that."

II

In large measure, the New South is literally new. The standardization and proliferation of material things which has swept over America in the past

two decades is as much in evidence here as it is in the Middle West or on the Pacific Coast. Everywhere are new roads, new automobiles, new hot dog stands, tea shops, movie palaces, radio stores, real estate subdivisions, tourist camp grounds. A hotel built in 1925 begins to seem a little antiquated, and needs to be done over soon lest it be patronized only by those with a passion for antiques. The desperate modernity of these hostelryes is revealed by the fact that in nearly all of them you can now get a room with a shower-bath. To be sure, they are all of the wrong, needle-shower variety, and the handles are still stuck tight with the original paint. But they do exist.

The conquering army of Northern barbarians which has invaded and overrun Dixie bears a striking resemblance to that which is piling up in Southern California so rapidly and in such deplorable quantities. One stratum is Middle Western, elderly and pious. Its monetary unit is a nickel. It lives in second-rate boarding houses, pitches horse-shoes in the park, eats out of paper bags, and attends revival meetings with the greatest assiduity. Another layer consists of vulgarians endowed with sudden wealth: bootleggers, oil people, accidental beneficiaries of real estate booms, and other adopted children of fortune. It rides in long automobiles with silver ornaments on the hood, carries about quantities of guests with whom it quarrels in public, tips headwaiters with five-dollar bills, and actually sits in the otherwise unoccupied loge seats at the movies. It reads the New York Daily News or Mirror, and the novels of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim. Among these delightful specimens, the females are the most conspicuous. Sometimes they are widows, whose bonanza came with the death of a penurious husband, sometimes their menfolk are the nightblooming variety and frequently, of course, the husband stays at home and works, while his spouse, to his gratification and her own, wastes handsomely in public.

These raw new spenders are highly characteristic of Dixie today. There are more of them in winter, naturally; and Miami and Palm Beach are the great show cases where they like to display themselves; but there is a residuum the year round, with which the whole seaboard is spattered from Norfolk to New Orleans. They may be seen in every dining car ordering the most expensive food on the menu, and eating it on the furnace-stoking plan, with such economy of motion as to suggest that they have been trained to efficiency under the Taylor system. . . . Does the sight sadden you a bit? Then be consoled: for their children go to

expensive private schools, and after a few years are indistinguishable from any contemporary Vanderbilt. Generally speaking, they hate their parents bitterly, look like members of the Racquet Club, never go to the movies, and are addicted to Marcel Proust.

III

A benighted Yankee who has often wondered what they do about sentimental songs down in the very Mammy-belt itself, is glad to report that one hears in Dixie precisely the same ballads which are rife at the same moment on Broadway. In Mobile, the soloist informs you gravely that he's going back, he am, to Alabam'; in Savannah one hears the inquiry, what more d'ja want than to return to Georgia? In Chattanooga, the singer cries out for his Ma-ha-ha-mee down in Te-he-hennessee. Nobody thinks this is funny. It's just a song, Mister. It don't mean nothing.

IV

Political observers in the South are numerous and loquacious—indeed, all you need to qualify is to be over sixteen, a male, and seated, and there is talk of abolishing the second qualification. After listening to large numbers of self-ordained prophets, I beg to summarize:

The economic interests of the South more and more resemble those of Calvin Coolidge's New England. But the populace will long continue to walk up and vote the Democratic ticket, just from force of habit. For the 1928 presidential candidate, it does *not* want Al Smith. In so far as it is at present vocal, it would still prefer McAdoo. However, it believes that the latter's star is setting; it is starving, after seven years' absence from the flesh pots of patronage; and it is prepared to accept Smith if it becomes certain that he is the only alternative to defeat. It will probably send to the 1928 convention delegates who are virtually uninstructed: they will first vote for some favorite son, and then switch to Smith when convinced he is their one hope. Some inveterate dry Protestants will stay away from the polls on election day; but they won't affect the outcome.

As an organization, the Ku Klux Klan is waning, though it is still stronger than the North recognizes. As it dwindles, the better element is the first to desert, and its social prestige declines accordingly. The various substitute organizations do not seem to be making much headway. However, the Ku Klux spirit of bigotry, intolerance and sadism is still to be reckoned with, even where the organization is defunct.

The Southern white man is perfectly well pleased with prohibition. As a rule—particularly, outside the cities—he is a Methodist or Baptist and, despite the common theory to the contrary, really abstains from intoxicants. But even the city man is fairly content. "We can get all we want to drink,

the price is not so high, and the quality seems pretty good. But the niggers can't get it the way they used to, and that's what we want."

As a footnote to this report, I might add that four out of five Southern bellboys have liquor, and offer to sell it to you. I hear that their average income from this extra-curricular activity is about \$15,000 a year; and the way in which a twenty-cent tip is accepted suggests that this is true. Certainly such scorn has never been witnessed since Fulton tried to tell Napoleon about the steamboat.

V

Views on the Negro question are not hard to get, in the South. Indeed, the only way to avoid them is to go deaf and refuse to learn lip reading. Following is a distillation from characteristic expressions, gathered in a dozen cities in six states, all informants being strict amateurs:

"The South knows how to treat niggers and the North doesn't. Soon's you get a big district of 'em, in Washington or Chicago, you have a race riot that is worse than anything we do down here. What they want is to be told what their place is and made to stay in it. They are a lot happier when they know they've got to keep out of the white folks' way. When they start getting fresh anywheres, we just kill one or two, quick and firm, and that ends it. All this talk about giving them a lot of education is just foolishness. They don't want it, beyond maybe a little readin' and writin', and most of 'em couldn't take it if it was offered. If the Yankees will just mind their own business, we'll get along fine."

Most of these informants had never heard of the work done by the Committees on Inter-racial Coöperation; a few barely knew that such an organization exists. They agreed with the experts, however, that the position of the Negro has improved greatly in recent years. Partly this is because of general prosperity, in which he shares; partly it is the migration to the North, which has sharpened the competition for the services of those who remain; partly it is the coming of the automobile. The colored man can dump his family into a second-hand Ford, and roll along the new highways to a better job. He is no longer chained to the land. Also, the existence of the big Negro colony in New York City, with its own apartment houses, banks, magazines, the development there of Negro practitioners of the professions, and artists, who are taken seriously by their white contemporaries, has helped the rising spirit which might well be called Negro nationalism. Black men who fought overseas and saw how the French carry out their ideas of *égalité* came home with new thoughts in their heads. And finally, the South, while it protests outside criticism, is influenced by it. There are more Negro schools, and better ones. Municipal zoning ordinances are being thought out, so that the black belt shall include space for some-

thing better than a huddle of shacks. Only a few weeks ago, the convicts of Alabama, a large proportion of whom are Negroes, came out of the mines where they had slaved for a quarter of a century under the atrocious convict leasing system. The racial problem is by no means solved. But it is changing so fast that, in a few years more, none of the old generalizations will be worth anything.

VI

Researches, conducted with great expenditure of money and agony, permit me to report that the New South, like the New West, is movie mad. At eleven o'clock in the morning one may see, in any city, theaters crowded to the doors by immobile audiences, silent, staring, stricken with celluloid sickness, taking their daily optical opiate. For all I know, they spend their lives thus, going from theater to theater on a twelve-hour shift. Like so many other things in the South, the theaters have all just been built, and are decorated to the last extremity, with Moorish walls, Spanish fountains, Chinese vases, Italian balconies, Scandinavian stars, Turkish draperies, Syrian lanterns and Semitic proprietors. The opening of a new one of these gaudy palaces is a social event of such ineffable importance that after it the Resurrection would certainly be an anti-climax. The ushers are all Ph. D.'s from the University of Alabama; each one of them has written a standard textbook on etiquette; their uniforms would cause a Suicide Club at West Point. The seats are copies from those in the Union League windows, New York; the carpets are as thick as the mud on a Mississippi back road. In fact, perfection would have been reached *in toto* . . . if only the motion pictures revealed in these palaces were any good.

VII

There is, of course, a dissenting minority in the New South. Here and there you find a little oasis in which a dim and musty fragrance of the *ancien régime* still lingers in old halls, where dust gathers on crossed swords and a forage cap beneath the portrait of General Lee. Here are gentle aged people who sit about mahogany older than themselves, sublimely unaware that Octavus Roy Cohen is the South's first litterateur and that in steel barges lies salvation. They deplore the fact that granddaughter drives her own Ford coupé to balls and comes home unchaperoned at three in the morning; but they have no control over her, she being dedicated utterly to the new Yankee dance, the Black Bottom. These are dwindling oases, shrinking and changing before the powerful chemical reagent, Money. Their inhabitants disapprove of the New South; and so, perhaps, do you and I. But that doesn't matter; despite anybody's disapprobation, like Gilbert's terrestrial sphere, it rolls on.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Christ in the Movies

I HAVE for many years considered the work of Cecil B. de Mille a particularly dangerous influence in the movies. Either because he invented the thing or exploited it most successfully, he is considered the creator of the movie version of high life which includes everything vulgar and ostentatious and silly. His name is also associated with the movie yes-man. In his more elaborate films, like "The Ten Commandments," he stands for whatever is grandiose, overblown, and absurd. At the box office he stands for Money, in movie proportions.

I had read some of the advance publicity about "The King of Kings," and found it about the usual thing. In order to bring everybody into the proper atmosphere, all the ten-dollar-a-day extras were required to read the Bible daily; the miracles were to be performed in a spiritual way; Mary of Magdala was to have first a tiger and then a dove as her symbol; and H. B. Warner, who played the Christ, was keeping himself entirely aloof from the rabble, to the point of never speaking to them, in order to attain a Christ-like serenity of spirit. This is what is commonly known as tripe. I knew that the picture could not be as bad as all that. The last-moment advance notices gave assurance that Christ would be virile.

A long first section of "The King of Kings" builds up the customary theatrical suspense for the entrance of Jesus. There is the conventional orgy with naked slaves and a pillared atrium and jewels and zebras drawing a chariot through the banquet hall and drunken men spreading rumors of miracles performed by a carpenter—all done in expert but not interesting Technicolor. Then there are scenes outside the house in which Jesus is performing miracles, and a boy, who soon becomes one of the most offensively grimacing actors in the world, arrives as Mark; we see the plots of the Pharisees and the Scribes; a little blind girl appeals to Jesus, as yet unseen. And then occurs one of the best things in the whole picture. The blank screen is diagonally barred with a mysterious quivering ray of light; another crosses it; the screen throbs with the life which the movie can give, with light and movement. It is superb; Christ is present. And it ends in a caption.

After that, nothing much matters for ever so long. "The King of Kings" becomes a series of tableaux, slightly animated, of illustrations to the New Testament, with captions which prove that, properly edited, the four gospels make excellent movie titles. The miracles and the famous sayings positively jostle each other for place. But the glory has departed from the Authorized Version. It is astounding how the great words tinkle with a brassy sound. "Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's" is led up to with so many wearisome details that it sounds like a smart remark; the story of the woman taken in adultery becomes a moving picture holiday; and after a mob scene in which Jesus rejects an earthly crown, the old devil of grand opera appears in person and shows him the splendor of the world as only de Mille can conceive it, in a Roman parade.

The languor and dreariness are eventually dispelled for a moment by an excellent scene in which Caiaphas counts out the thirty pieces of silver to Judas; the Last Supper, treated reverentially in the moving picture sense, is rather

dull; the announcement that there is a traitor present is feebly handled. The agony in the Garden suggests a man who is afraid to die; Christ is tortured by the Romans in scenes of exceptional brutality; Pontius Pilate asks what is truth, but unfortunately stays a moment for answer. Slowly all the dignity, the passion, the terror of the last scenes are drained away; it is not vulgarity which takes their place; only dullness.

And then one arrives at the explanation of why Mr. de Mille thought "The King of Kings" would be a great picture—the dreadful dark, the earth rent and the sky riven, mountains tumbling into chasms—in short, what the program calls a "frightful temblor." The actual achievement here is in the lightning, the sinister unearthliness of which I have not seen equaled on the screen. The Resurrection begins with tension and drama and ends in a frosted Easter card. And, at the very end, Christ is made to leave his disciples by vanishing into the upper air and hovering over a slightly romantic vision of the New York skyline.

The drama of Christ is, therefore, presented without austerity and without passion. But on two further counts this movie must be considered as the anti-Christ. First, it has a spurious refinement which is disheartening. Mr. de Mille obviously intended to be reverential, and omitted the modern instances of "The Ten Commandments," by which he might easily have made "The King of Kings" obnoxious; but, cinematically, this refinement has resulted in a living death; movement has been diminished almost to the vanishing point. The second objection is a corollary to this. Almost everything is treated graphically—is treated as painting-composition—and nothing as cinema, as *moving* pictures. All the great scenes seem to be reproductions of famous paintings; there is hardly an effect which could not have been achieved by the still camera.

The success of such a picture sets back the art of the movie by a decade. And as far as the critics of the New York morning papers can make it a success, "The King of Kings" is a sure thing. The New York American considered the opening worthy of first page notice and led its story with the statement that "one of the greatest exhibitions of reverence ever seen on Broadway greeted the premiere of 'The King of Kings.'" Mr. Quinn Martin, who reviews moving pictures for the World as though they were never to be seen by people of intelligence, calls it "an object of superb design" and makes one despair forever of the movie by writing that "compositionally [it] offers a series of patterns lovely to behold, arresting copies of Renaissance pictorial art; occasionally in natural colors, copies exquisitely molded and grouped, in which the figures portrayed move. They move as if some magic star had shone in through the high, drab windows of a Louvre gallery and quickened masterpieces into life." The movie, thus waved to the servants' entrance, is promptly praised for being "as nearly perfect a consummation of a big job as any cinema has ever accomplished"—perhaps because it has reached the heights of a Follies tableau. Mr. Richard Watts, Jr., of the Herald-Tribune, is, as usual, much more discriminating, noting the pomposity and lethargy of the first part, but falling under the spell of the bigness of the movie and, I suspect, of its inevitable popularity. Mr. Mordaunt Hall, of the Times, is chiefly concerned with the question of reverence; he thinks that if Christ had been photographed at a greater dis-

tance, the effect would have been more reverential. He calls the film "the most impressive of all motion pictures" and joins Mr. Martin in thinking that an animated version of a painting is a good thing in the movies: "It is strikingly like the old paintings of this subject (The Last Supper), but here the figures come to life."

So far, then, the New York papers have failed to consider "The King of Kings" as a movie; they have looked on it as a spectacle and as a document. The conception of the movie as having standards of its own, laws and compulsions which it must follow, and possibilities for independent existence, has not yet become an accepted part of the critical equipment. Within a week we shall probably hear that "The King of Kings" is unfair to Judas, that Mary Magdalene had elephants and not zebras, and that the omission of "Thou art Petrus" makes the whole thing anti-Catholic propaganda. And these things will be as relevant to the quality of the picture as anything said by the professional critics. The critics, if they care for and understand the movie, can help the few directors who are producing good movies to create an audience which will not be satisfied with de Mille. If they fail in that, they fail in everything.

It is, perhaps, worthy of note that the director has chosen to omit all allusion to the *eloi, eloi, lama sabachthani*.

GILBERT SELDES.

Washington Notes

WHAT a week we've had here in Washington between the Al Smith reply to Marshall and the noble Calvin's slap at Hoover! Of course, with my usual luck, by the time this piece appears in print, both episodes will be as cold as a politician's heart. By then we shall have settled down again to the state where the only news fit to print comes from Republican Senators who go into the White House office seeking patronage and come out with their pieces of pie tightly clutched in their hot, ham-mish hands, exuding praise of our Splendid President from every pore. However, both of the aforesaid episodes, each in its way, were such revealing and unprecedented political incidents that even at this late day I may be forgiven for dwelling on them.

As for Al's letter, it was a peach. Honestly, I do not see how it could have been better done. Al wrote his own letter. No one could read it and mistake that. The salty simplicity and directness of the man is there, though he did seek, as he was entitled to do, counsel from various sources. And what he got was good. Not many will contend that the net result is not to move him closer to the nomination. It is hardly possible to deny that he is today even more the outstanding Democrat of the country than before, that the sentiment behind him is stronger and more outspoken, that the sentiment against him is weaker, that one of the weapons in the hands of his enemies has been broken. The idea of turning down in the convention the one man for whom there is any real demand has been rendered almost absurd. I think that, barring accidents, we can make up our minds that Alfred will run away with that nomination, and that neither the dries nor the two-thirds rule can stop him. It is interesting to know that among those who believe this

most strongly are Republican leaders close to the noble Calvin. Fully three months ago, jolly old Bill Butler himself, now touring the West in the interests of his exalted friend, said to a friend of mine, "Smith is the man we have to fight in 1928." Which goes to prove that, while he may be a flop as a Massachusetts candidate, Bill is not without a certain vision as a political prophet at large.

Now, as to the Coolidge slap at Hoover, taken at the conference with the correspondents a few days ago: if there was any explanation other than that it was inspired by the petty jealousy of a small man, no one even to this day has advanced it—not even the Mayflower publicists or the New York Herald-Tribune. As in duty bound, they glossed it over, apologized for it, said it meant really nothing at all, that everything was lovely and Mr. Hoover did not mind. But they did not explain, or attempt to explain, why, without rhyme or reason, and wearing the false whiskers of his Spokesman, Mr. Coolidge in his sourest way brought up Mr. Hoover's name and curtly said that whether Mr. Kellogg resigned or not, Mr. Hoover would not be his successor. Four days later, after intelligent people the country over had been impressed with the gratuitous ungraciousness of the thing, and the twisted efforts of the administration correspondents to soften its crudity had only served to make it more apparent, again in the role of his own Spokesman at the newspaper conference, Mr. Coolidge was compelled to pay a tribute to Hoover's ability and efficiency, and to disclaim any intention to rebuke him. At once, with vast relief, the embarrassed correspondents of Mellon-Coolidge papers—which includes most of them—enthusiastically wrote that "the incident was satisfactorily closed," that the President had "crumpled the house of cards," that he had "spiked the rumors," that "Mr. Hoover was happy again," that amends had been made "handsomely and with a smile." All of which was silly rot and wholly untrue. He did not do it "handsomely and with a smile." He did it sourly, because he was forced to, and without retracting the slur or removing the ban on Hoover for promotion.

The incident was anything but "satisfactorily closed," and every correspondent in Washington not wholly stupid, or blindly partisan, knows there was nothing satisfactory about it. I am violating no confidence when I say that the men particularly close to Mr. Hoover were—and are—intensely resentful, that they are, except on the surface, not in the least mollified by the meaningless praise meted out after the harm had been done, that his friends all over the country evinced indignation by a flood of letters and telegrams, that Mr. Hoover himself was and is mortified and hurt. The small meanness of the thing is particularly accentuated by the undoubted services rendered by Mr. Hoover to the Coolidge administration, by the strength his presence in the Cabinet gives it and by his complete loyalty to the man at its head. If a more ungracious thing has ever been done by a President of the United States, it cannot be recalled by anyone here.

Before ending comment on these two incidents of the week—the Coolidge-Hoover incident and the Al Smith letter—I should like to point out two interesting things in connection with their newspaper treatment. One is that, as to the Coolidge-Hoover affair, no newspaper, so far as I

know, printed the word "jealousy," although that word was on the lips of every correspondent who came out of the White House conference. The other is that, I am informed, the Chicago Tribune, which modestly refers to itself as the World's Greatest Newspaper, demonstrated its fairness and desire to print all the news by reducing the Al Smith letter to less than 500 words and printing that on an inside page. I do not remember the circulation of the Chicago Tribune, but it is undoubtedly huge. The Smith letter was beyond question the most important and interesting piece of news in a long time. To fail to print it would be not only to rob its readers of the news, but probably the worst piece of newspaper judgment I can remember. The thing is so incredible that I am inclined to doubt it myself. Perhaps some Chicago reader of the New Republic can tell whether the Tribune really did reduce the letter to 500 words and if so, why? It ought to be a matter of interest to newspaper readers everywhere to know the facts.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Solitude

JOE

THE young graduate likes life in the open air. The young C. E. is having the time of his life. Nobody else has a tent all to himself. The tent leaks when it rains, and it rains every day. The foreman is uneducated. The men are Swedes, Polacks, Bohunks, hard workers, but tough and dirty. A flunkey brings the young C. E.'s food into his tent and he eats his meals by himself. He gets letters once a week beginning "Dear Joe," but for three months he has been "Mr. Clark" to this outfit. It would be nice to eat with someone once in a while and once in a while to be called Joe. Mist' Clark. Missur Clock. Boss. Say, Boss! Yessir, Boss. Joe. Just once. That Vengerski isn't a bad guy. Would it be terrible to get him talking about shooting catamounts? Discipline. Pretty soon they'd lose all respect for a white man, a C. E. If you start in that way there'd be no authority left. They might even call him Joe. He'd just like one of them to step up and call him Joe. Just try it. He'd bust him on the nose so fast. Smack on the beezer. Just try it, you son of a ——. Yessir, Boss. Yes, Mist' Clark. The tent is leaking again.

SAND

Miss McHenry came from nice people. Now she was living on the sixth floor of the hotel specially constructed for women. She was gray and dusty, like a stone in the road, and nobody stooped to pick her up. She rocked by herself with her arms crossed, in a chair specially constructed for rocking, and nobody picked her up. The silly girls of twenty and thirty and thirty-five went right on with their tea and licked the frosting off their fingers and were silly out loud all together as if she weren't rocking away in their midst, the poor old stone. Miss McHenry's room was thirteen fifty a week. Once in a while she went to the movies by herself. On Christmas, and Easter, and Labor Day, and Lincoln's Birthday. She had lived in that room for three years, and she had unwrapped her lunch from the oiled paper in that room for three years and sometimes it

was a Swiss cheese but usually a pimento and for three years she had washed handkerchiefs in that basin. And every morning the office called her at seven.—Seven o'clock, Miss McHenry!—Thank you.—And she would get up at once so as not to miss whatever was going on. Last winter it was a subway, in December some plate glass was broken, lately they had been mending the sidewalk. Miss McHenry leaned out, from the gold bar of the window of the sixth floor of the hotel specially constructed for women. Yesterday they had finished twenty feet. They looked like Italians. They talked a lot. Miss McHenry did not like conversation, but she liked to see it going on. The Italians dumped and mixed and hoed and poured and the boss talked and now and then one of them lit a cigarette. And they mixed and poured, six pails of cement to four of sand to two of water, six to four to two, always six and four and two. She was so high up she saw only their hats and feet but she could see six and four and two going on perfectly. Work was interesting, and if you were a man, why of course you did work. In ten minutes she would begin washing handkerchiefs and stockings. Always on Thursday. Of course that was work, too. Six and four . . . She leaned out again. The boss with the blue hat was gone. They were mixing again. Six of cement, two of water—what! Three of sand! Yes, three. Ought to be four. Ought to be told. Six—four—two. Those men. With the foreman not there. Only three pails of sand. Miss McHenry slammed the window, slammed the door, and pattered to the elevator, to go down in it, and out into the street and tell those men, those Italians, who had put in only three pails of sand instead of four. . . . Those stupid men. . . .

NIGHT-WATCHMAN

At seven at night sharp he comes on, and goes to work without changing his rust-and-weather-colored clothes. The unfinished basement is full of valuable pipes and plumbing fixtures, which he must not allow anyone to steal. Until the building is finished there will be no warm place in it for him, and when it is finished he will have to look for another job. For half an hour he hunts about for wood. Wood for his fire must be about eighteen inches long, must not have any nails, must not be coated with plaster. At nine the fire needs some more wood. He finds a piece with "Danger" written on it, and he looks at it a long time. Now the fire is burning red. He must get some more wood. At midnight he puts his coffee near the fire to warm up. Now the fire needs some more wood. At three he goes to sleep for a bit. When he wakes up the fire is almost out and needs some more wood. At five he finds a lot of wood in a place where there wasn't any the night before. Toward seven, people begin to walk by again. The fire is out. Pretty soon the building will be finished and he will have to look for another job.

PLEASE . . .

"Excuse me, Mister," or "Say! Mister . . ." That's one kind. You have to notice them. You can't quite leave them alone. Then there are the men with one leg and a lot of yellow pencils at the angle in the subway stairs. You have to look at them. And how about the women with a

pleading scowl and nine yards of dirty black shawl. And the old vulture scooping crusts from garbage cans at midnight like a cat. They're real. Kick them or give them a dime, they'll howl or thank you. In either case they'll make you uncomfortable. Your conscience is a long awkward dragging tail—they'll manage to step on it, no matter what you do. By this step on your tail is their loneliness the less.

But this shape that hovers up on the wind, this puff of poverty, this shadow in an overcoat that only comes to in the tail of my eye, only speaks to me when I am gone, when I have made haste to look straight ahead and to be gone by, this voice that might have been about to ask me for the time, for the way, for a nickel or for nothing, and was cut off by the wind—it steps on no part of me, it has brushed nowhere against me, it does not even know whether I chose to ignore it or simply never noticed it at all.

WINE

From a long way off those white shoes can be seen coming up the deck, each foot pointed out, firmly, in a direction which it never follows. A bit later is heard a discreet, expensive, squeak, squeak, squeak. Squeak, squeak, fifty times around the deck, at eleven and again at four. Once, in the morning, he stopped and patted the little girl's head, two short pats and a long pat, resting on the little head. In the afternoon, he stopped by the little girl again; same rhythm: pat-pat, pat. He would like to talk, but he doesn't. He would like to talk, but he only bows, and looks down at his squeak, squeak, with a silent, friendly smile and a bow in which the head bends politely down, and stays down, under its cap, for many yards. That exasperatingly neat, stiff-visored pepper-and-salt cap. Those desperately new binoculars. Those white shoes. And never a word. At table, by himself, he sits with one arm and hand clenching the water-glass, and his head looking at the plate. If the waiter asks him something, he bows a yes, and his head stays bowed down on his chest for many mouthfuls. And yet he is not what one would call morosely solitary; there is often a twinkle in his eye, and suppressed energy, and well bred little spurts of excitement, held in leash. Once I heard him talking to someone about the different kinds of champagne, with tolerance and considerable knowledge. The infrequent sound of his voice surprised me. It was rich, authoritative, friendly.

Then I was told. By his cabin-mate. The silent owner of the white shoes is going back to his job in France, after a vacation. His job is a very difficult one, requiring intense concentration and monastic devotion. For days before taking it up again he has to train, like an athlete. No tobacco, no late hours, simple food, and above all, no conversation. No commerce with others: they disturb him, coarsen his nervous reactions, shatter the mood he is carefully building up. For he is a wine taster, the most highly paid wine-taster in the whole business. There is nothing he does not know about wine. For twenty years he has been tasting wine, but he has never drunk any yet. If he drank the wine, he could not remain at the top of his profession. He takes a little wine in his mouth, and then spits it out. He decides what it is, and then spits it out again.

ROBERT LITTELL

The World of Rockwell Kent

ANYONE who knows his "Voyaging" and "Wilderness" (Putnam's, New York) must have tried to find some statement of Mr. Rockwell Kent's gift. It is arresting, energetic, wayward, and downright, stalwart and poetic, that much is certain. There is, too, something solid, lovable and familiar, a spirit restless and bold and at the same time rooted in the human sweetness of family, festival, morning and evening, and all the well beloved rhythm of the hours and seasons. There is a curious mixture of certainty, fearless naïveté, adventure and sentiment; there are other qualities more elusive but everywhere felt.

The drawings in these two volumes have somewhat more mysticism and Blake than the text quite expresses. Many of them are beautiful, all are stirred by some degree of idea or mental image. The figure standing on the strip of ground beneath his feet, with the flute lifted, the head forward, the birds around, is a lovely thing. For poetry of mind and direct naïve statement, I know nothing lovelier in modern drawing. There is the tiny plate of the old man leaning over the child, with his arm around him, the child's arms around his neck, the little white hand showing. There are the intense and superb "North Wind"; the "Running Water" with the fine balancing of the torso and the hard freshness of the whole treatment; "The Star Lighter" and many others. The list of Mr. Kent's drawings is astonishingly large and astonishingly prolific in conceptions. It is true that in this field he is still ahead of what he is in painting; but it is not true that he must always be.

The exhibition now at the Wildenstein Galleries shows a number of drawings, charming and slight in intention; the collection is really of paintings. In my opinion, this group goes well beyond Mr. Kent's exhibition of last year. You have the sense of steadier contemplation, of more harmony, more poise of mind and consistency of mood within the single picture. The paintings are mostly landscapes; four or five are landscapes with a figure or so, and one is a naked little boy who stands almost the whole height of the canvas. In painting, I, for my part, find landscape to be a difficult field to make significant, and one that easily grows casual or tedious. What is there, for example, more appalling in the whole world of museums than that room of the Bourgeois Corots at the Louvre? Of these many landscapes of Mr. Rockwell Kent's, I should say that five or six—the dark figure against the view of clouds, for instance—are regrettable and idle. Some seem mostly to repeat others in the room. But there is a far better showing than in most landscape exhibitions, more pictures that have integrity, that are decorative, and in mood and composition admirable. And, added to these several notable landscapes, there is the figure of the little boy, those bones too big for the flesh that covers them, that awkward little skeleton promising a man's frame and sweet with its own grace, standing between a child's green earth and blue sky. I like it very much; and, looking at it, I wish that Mr. Kent would carry more of such conceptions into painting; that he has them teeming in him is proved by drawing after drawing. He must be ready by now to let the stars be lighted, the winds run swiftly to the earth's corners, the passionate fancy play with clouds and water and darkness, light and trees, in paint as well as in black and white.

What is it, then, that we might wish Mr. Rockwell Kent to do in painting? We look at these pictures. They have solidity of mood and attack, good drawing, good composition. They have character, boldness and gentle reflections, a beautiful spirit before the visible world. What then?

There are qualities like drawing and design that painting shares with other arts, with architecture and sculpture, obviously. These are great and rare and most desirable qualities in painting, but not necessarily painting qualities only. From this it happens that a man may be more an artist than a painter, as we may say of Piero della Francesca with his fine drawing, his great taste, his distinguished and dramatic composition; just as another may be more painter than artist, be exciting in color and paint without much basic design, as in many works of the great Venetians, in Renoir, in others. There comes into painting the special element of color, color more variously and intensely expressive than is possible to architecture or sculpture. And last of all, there comes into painting the pigment, with its direct participation in the painter's result, its expressiveness in its own substance, its oftentimes significant accidents.

Mr. Kent must use color and brush as he chooses, of course. But I cannot help thinking that his painting should advance in range and depth, and thereby be more expressive of so plentifully rich, so poetic, bold and hearty a nature as he has brought to art. This advance—not to mention the obvious gain that would follow a wider range in subjects—would, I think, arrive through his giving more room to the resources of his medium, through his becoming—in his own way, of course—more of a painter in paint. What happens now is that too strong a will is exerted on the paint, there are signs of too determined a control of the substance of his medium. Any artist in any art knows what part accident plays, how a color, a tone, a rhythm, appears without intention, by the play of a muscle or the way of the pigment, the throat, the marble; knows how a part of creation consists in being open to such a possibility in the substance worked in, lies in perceiving something that may have happened, judging its value, keeping it if it is good. Within this freedom and boldness that is in Mr. Kent's pictures, there is implicit another freedom which he tends too much to deny: the freedom and miracle of the pigment, that kind of subconscious life that appears in the medium, and might be said to exist in it, just as it exists in the artist himself.

I wish Mr. Kent would consider, with regard to the paint itself—for it applies, some way or other—what in his book he says of himself: "the best of me is what is quite impulsive; and, looking at myself for a moment with a critic's eye, the forms that occur in my art, the spirit of the whole of it is in fact nothing but an exact pictorial record of my unconscious living idealism."

To say all this that I have said of Mr. Kent's pictures is, of course, laying one's painting heart at his feet, so to speak. Which I do because his work strikes hard into my mind. I am grateful for the drawings, I am grateful for those paintings of the sea, of fields, of promontories with men in rowboats and fishing smacks. I like to see that what he is thinking of is the sky above that land, of the land, of the world that has passed into him and forced him toward his own strong beauty. One of these pictures at Wildenstein's has ridges and fields descending to a stream bed, with a stretch of sea in the upper center. It is no country

anywhere that you see there, but a picture. And yet these forms are derived from the actual world, they are based on nature and arose from the painter's response to the world. His courage has given them this force and design, as they first gave him his emotion. The slopes and ridges are dull ochre and sharp raw green, with darker underlines. On the water the sun somewhere from above makes a white path.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Coolidge and the Setting Hen

SIR: I have felt at times in your pages a certain lack of sympathy for our President, and have wondered whether it could be due to the fact that you are city dwellers and can, therefore, have no intimate acquaintance with the habits of the setting hen.

Perhaps a few words from a rural subscriber about that interesting creature might create a basis for more sympathetic understanding of Mr. Coolidge.

Now, the setting hen is obviously from the country, and the first things you notice about her are a sharp beak and a distinctly uncordial expression. Above all, she wants to be let alone, and hates to be disturbed. Those who know how to make use of her and to provide her with the wherewithal, she rewards. But if you want to get her to return to hen normalcy and the regular production of something definite and tangible, the treatment advised is a series of cold douches. To these she objects frantically, and, to tell the truth, she is so well protected by a secretion of oil that radical attempts of this kind do not accomplish much. If you pull her off her nest in an attempt to prove that she is doing nothing, she is very irate about it, but goes on sitting somewhere else with just as important an air as ever. And unless you make a special investigation, or have yourself already supplied her with eggs, she will certainly fool you into believing that she is actually doing something real. Also, she doesn't like farmers very much.

If her brood hatches she is quite flustered about it, and must be carefully watched and instructed and prevented from destroying her good work.

In short, she does not accomplish what is usually expected of a hen, but for those who know how to treat her she has her uses, and whether she is actually doing anything or not she looks busy and important, takes herself very seriously and is unalterable in her opinions.

L. T. H.

Rhode Island.

A Good Catholic—a Good President?

SIR: Al Smith for President? Impossible, he is a Catholic. Though, without a doubt, he is one of the foremost statesmen in the United States, though he is a liberal of the first water, though he is fighting vigorously for public service, though he has retained an unusually clean record in politics, and though he has practically all the other qualifications a man in high office should have, withal, he is no man to be President of these United States.

A priest said recently, in a sermon, that Smith might become President were he to renounce his Catholic allegiance. Probably true. Smith is not like the Catholic who, for selfish reasons, forgets his Church when thrown continually in contact with non-Catholics. He has too much backbone for that—also his mind is too much closed. "Good Catholics" must, of their religion's necessity, maintain that closed mind in regard to religion. Does Smith? I believe he must, and that is why I consider his candidacy dangerous and that his election would be a calamity.

In case of argument, where does the Catholic turn for his final authority? To the Church, if the Church has spoken. He must

regard his Church as all-powerful because of his very belief in its direct descendancy from God.

And so, Al Smith?

Does he place his religion above his country? Can he reconcile the two? If a concrete test were to come, which way would he turn? For example (a foolish one, if you will), were a very stringent federal divorce law to be enacted by a slight majority (state's rights eliminated), would he not approve it? Regardless of the merits of the question, is he not, as a Catholic, very much in agreement with such legislation? You say: "But divorce legislation has no effect on the Catholic because the Catholic has his own belief in that regard. Therefore, Mr. Smith could act as he thought best, disregarding religion." I think not. From birth, Mr. Smith has been taught that divorce is wrong. If he vetoes such a bill, he must go against his own feeling. In point, he cannot act with a mind uninfluenced by his religious beliefs.

And even if this is a poor example (there is room for argument), should a possible President be one to whom such questions may be posed?

The Protestant is different. Religion, for the most part, is a relatively minor factor in his life. He may dismiss it almost at will. It is a Sunday affair. Not so the Catholic.

The Catholic, generally speaking, is obedient to the voice of his Pope and to the voice of his religious organizations. Witness the Catholic opposition to compulsory religious teaching in the public schools (a generally conceded opinion) and the resistance to governmental regulation of their own parochial institutions (the Catholic view). I am not taking up the rightness or wrongness of these stands. My point is that a Catholic will not, cannot, act in accordance with an unbiased judgment. Practically every Catholic, probably all, has these two opinions in regard to education. Could one of them, Mr. Smith for instance, give an unbiased opinion on the matter of a national department of education? I think not.

A Catholic cannot have an open mind. He, as a very intelligent one said to me recently, "has a tendency to 'string along' with authority. The Jesuit priests have given years of study to religion; the chances are, then, that they are right. The government has investigated the Mexican situation; the government has ways of getting information that we, as ordinary citizens, cannot have—they probably know what is best for the country for that reason."

Have you run across a Catholic who is opposing the government in its Mexican policy? If you have, he is one in a million. Have you found a Catholic who has not taken for granted that the propaganda given by the Knights of Columbus in its recent public "education" campaign is right? I do not believe so—even among those of liberal tendencies. If you have, he is in a very decided minority. And whether our Mexican policy is right or wrong, can a Catholic, Mr. Smith for instance, act in an unbiased manner toward that government?

We have assumed that Al Smith is a "good Catholic." That seems to be general opinion among other Catholics; and, of course, none of them has denied it.

I do not believe Al Smith can take a satisfactory stand. I do not believe he can deny his prejudice. I believe he will agree with the general opinion among Catholics. He probably is sure that the Church is being oppressed in Mexico. He probably favors a restrictive policy toward that government. He probably opposes divorce. He probably has the Catholic idea concerning education—and so on. I reiterate that I mean here that his stand is influenced by his religious conviction; as a member of a Protestant denomination, generally speaking, cannot be influenced. I am not discussing the rightness or wrongness of any of the questions mentioned. I am prophesying what his stand would be.

I may state that I do not believe *he* will take a stand because it would not be at all politic.

In many ways this discussion is absurd—any discussion of like nature is. Al Smith has no chance of being elected, because he is a Catholic; the majority of people will vote against him for that reason and without giving thought in an, at least, attempted liberal manner.

In the event of Mr. Smith's nomination, there would be likely

to develop, in my opinion, a religious disturbance of some magnitude. There would evolve, not a political fight, but a battle along the most rigid of religious lines.

The depths to which such a struggle could descend are not reckoned with by most liberals. There seems to be no general understanding of the hatred that lies in many breasts, against Catholics on one side and Protestants on the other. It is not well to bring that hate to a head. There is no religious freedom in this country. Religion never was and never will be a matter for cool discussion.

You may believe that the intensity of this conflict is over-magnified. Well, if you think so, go out amongst the people and listen.

And even if Mr. Smith were to be elected, could he, by any stretch of the imagination, have a successful administration? There would be continual adverse criticism of his actions on religious grounds. There would be no unbiased attention. There would be nothing but furor.

If he were to make the most excellent of decisions, if they were all excellent, there would be a body of opinion against him practically impossible to handle. But for him to be elected is too improbable. There are too many anti-Catholics.

Were I a Catholic, I believe I would vote against him on these aforementioned grounds—for the sake of peace. I would have no desire to be one of those responsible for a tornado of dissension that might easily wreck the country.

Jim Reed . . . ?

B. R. J.

Wichita, Kansas.

New York Place-Names

SIR: Someone has pointed out that a poem in a recent magazine by Vilda Sauvage Owen on English place-names recalls Edward Thomas' well known verses to his children, "Roses, Pyrigo, and Lapwater," and the others. It set me to thinking about our New York place-names, to go no farther in America, or even our Madison County ones, and their possibilities, and to paraphrasing, or translating, Thomas into local place-lore. (Perhaps from Cloud Castle he'll forgive one of his true admirers!)

If I should ever unlade my ship
I'll buy Siloam, and Mile Strip,
Vernon, Cowasselon, and "Shirl,"
And give them all to my elder girl.

If I were to own this countryside
As far as a man in a day could ride,
And the Villes were mine without let or token—
Eriville, Randalsville, and Hoboken-
Ville, and Sols- Merrills- and Munns-
Bouck- Wamps,—and the Hamiltons,
Bear Path, Pine Bush and Maple Flats,
Their old stone hop-kilns and cheese-vats,
Ice-scoured valleys, and falling water,
I'd rent them free to my younger daughter.

But what shall I give my wishing boy?
Why, Utica, Syracuse, and Troy,
Canton, Madrid, Venice, Rome,
Are only a road or two from home!

D. B. LEONARD.

Kenwood, New York.

We Stand Corrected

SIR: I protest against your highly unpatriotic assumption in your issue of April 6 that, in the event the Diaz forces in Nicaragua fail to overthrow the Sacasa government, the taxpayers of the United States will lose the \$217,718 which, in the form of arms and ammunition, the United States government has advanced to Señor Adolfo Diaz on that gentleman's unsupported notes.

Certainly not! Even should worst come to worst for our State Department, and Don Juan Bautista Sacasa should succeed, in spite of the United States Navy and the American Marines, in ousting the government which we now recognize and support

and in reestablishing the government which we recognized two years ago, it would be plainly the duty of our government to collect, by force of arms if need be, from the Sacasa government the cost of the arms and ammunition we furnished the Diaz forces.

The precedent is clear. Did we not, between July 6 and November 1, 1917, furnish the late lamented Kerensky government of Russia \$187,729,750, all or part of which funds remained on deposit with the National City Bank subject to the orders of one Bakhmeteff, sometime ambassador of the said Kerensky government, long after Brother Kerensky was in flight and his government no more? And did we not on May 26, 1919, extend formal recognition to a government alleged to be directed by one Admiral Kolchak, in whose support we maintained an armed force on Russian territory of some 8,477 men, and was not that alleged government, after the sudden demise of Admiral Kolchak, succeeded by one headed by General Denikin—and did not the American steamship "Black Arrow," flying the American flag, convey to the said General Denikin arms and ammunition purchased in the United States with part of the \$187,729,750 advanced to the Kerensky government by the United States? And do we not, today, insist that the government of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics which finally succeeded in ousting the Kerenskys and Kolchaks and Denikins and Wrangels whom we had so nobly backed, shall now pay over to us the \$187,729,750 we advanced to their enemies, with interest in full to date—and no nonsense about it, either? "It requires," said Secretary Hughes, "no conference or negotiations to accomplish this result." All the Soviet government has to do is to seal up \$187,729,750 (plus interest to date) in an envelope addressed to the Hon. Frank B. Kellogg, stick it under the door of the State, War and Navy Building, ring the bell—and run. The United States lose money by backing the wrong horse?

Tut! tut! sir. How you do talk!

PAXTON HIBBEN.

New York City.

Wanted—Russians

SIR: The Film Associates are very anxious to get in touch with participants in the Russian Revolution, who may be able to identify scenes from twenty-eight reels of authentic film recording the history of the revolution, from 1917 to 1925.

This unique material was collected by a young Russian-American, Herman Axelbank, who obtained as a nucleus for an authoritative history of the revolution the negative of the official archives compiled by the Skobelev Commission. But neither Mr. Axelbank nor the present editors have been able to identify all the individuals of importance, or all the engagements photographed. Address the undersigned at 66 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MONTGOMERY EVANS 2ND.

New York City.

A Nicety of International Comity

SIR: Is it not opportune to remind ourselves of our occasional disregard of the niceties of international comity?

In P. F. Collier and Son's "History of the Nineteenth Century" (Edwin Emerson, Jr.), I read of an affair which deserves publicity at this time.

During the second opium war, in 1858, the British bombarded the Taku forts. An American cruiser was anchored in the bay. Chinese, men, women and children, fleeing from the endangered town and rolling in a dense mass along a highway, came within intriguing target distance of the American ship. Its valiant commander, Captain Tatnall, could not resist the temptation of engaging in a little firing practice and shot round after round of grape and canister into them. When asked for an explanation of his murderous act, he contented himself by saying: "Blood is thicker than water."

I heard of this while I was in China. I did not believe it. I could not. Now I have seen it in printed form, published by one of our best firms.

ALBERT WEHDE.

Los Angeles, California.

The Public Mind

The Public Mind, by Norman Angell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 232 pages. \$3.

IF there be any public understanding worthy to be called a mind, or any public virtue corresponding to a humble and a contrite heart, the reading of Mr. Norman Angell's book should stir both to healthy operation. The first part of his book is devoted to records of herd behavior which should make us ashamed of our species. By examples drawn from public experience in the Great War, in the Venezuela dispute and in the Crimean War, he brings home to us how near to madness we in our collective capacity may come. In the fond hope of winning the War, we stereotyped our thought with the object of making us hate the enemy and want to go on fighting. Mr. Angell cites the case of a Catholic priest, Father Cassidy, who at a public meeting read an account of a Southern lynching, with the usual accompaniments of blinding, emasculation and burning, as a wholesome corrective to our morbid view of German atrocities in Belgium. We sentenced the priest to ten years' imprisonment under the Espionage Law. In 1896, President Cleveland demanded in a public note that Great Britain should settle the frontier dispute with Venezuela on terms dictated by us, asserting that her attitude menaced the "peace and safety" of the United States and the "integrity of our free institutions." Mr. Angell quotes the views of leading statesmen, Senators Hawley, Cullom and Lodge, who differed in party from Cleveland, but, like him, were all for war. He cites Senator Chandler, who in an interview stated: "The object of my lecture tour is to advocate a war with England, with or without cause, in the interests of silver"; and also Theodore Roosevelt, who wrote to Lodge, apropos of the attempt of the New York Evening Post and the World to appeal to common sense, "As for the editors of the Evening Post and the World, it would give me great pleasure to have them put in prison the minute hostilities begin. . . . I rather hope the fight will come. The clamor of the peace faction has convinced me that this country needs a war." In the former case, the suppression of intelligence forced the experts, as they now declare, to make the monstrous Treaty of Versailles. In the latter, war was avoided only by action on the part of Great Britain such as no other nation would have taken.

With such examples before us, Mr. Angell invites us to a consideration of this thing called the public mind, and the difficulty of its exercise. Like Mr. Walter Lippmann in his latest study of public opinion, "The Phantom Public," Mr. Angell recognizes the impossibility of the individuals who contribute to it understanding in detail all the questions submitted to them. "If the American voter did his whole civic duty under the present system he would do nothing else." But the impossibility of performing the task as now set by the machinery of democratic government is not an excuse for that complete abdication of intelligence of which illustrations have been given. As Mr. Angell goes on to say: "If he [the voter] is relieved of what he cannot possibly do, he will have a greater chance of doing better what he *must* do, if democracy is to exist at all. We should limit his task of political judgment mainly to passing upon general results." And that the basis of political judgment in knowledge exists, Mr. Angell has no doubt. "The knowledge which might have saved Europe was not lacking. What was lacking was the capacity or willingness to use knowledge already possessed; a certain self-discipline, a sense of the social and moral obligation to apply intelligence

to a situation in which our passions are involved"—and this lack, as has been seen, affected the educated—the scholar and the parson—even more disastrously than the peasant.

Mr. Angell is not as skeptical of the possibility of getting public opinion to function in the broad way which he has described as necessary to democracy as are certain recent political critics. He does not abandon hope in the masses, like Mr. Wells' William Clissold, or see the people animated only by a faineant desire to be ruled, like Mr. Wyndham Lewis; and he is more hopeful of securing a general attitude characterized by a decent application of intelligence and disinterestedness to public questions than is Mr. Lippmann. Such a public attitude is necessary to the survival of democracy, threatened as it is by competition with a revival of autocracy. Indeed, it is necessary to the survival of human society in any form; for dictatorship itself, in the last analysis, is dependent on popular will, and, even more than an elective government, is prone to excite nationalistic passion as a means of self-preservation. Democracy, however, has still a chance to save its characteristic institutions if it will throw away the absolutism of abstract belief in the natural political capacity of mankind, as expressed in the dictum "the voice of the people is the voice of God," and accept the pragmatism which tells us that the voice of the people is more likely to be the voice of Satan. In other words, salvation for democracy is in becoming aware of its tendency to passion and folly, and remaining constantly on guard against those leaders who seek to betray it through its frailty.

For such education, there are certain institutions which have always been regarded as the working forces of democracy: the press, the platform, the school. Of the press, in its most prominent aspect of daily journalism, Mr. Angell has little hope. The daily paper has become a great business enterprise. As Mr. Angell remarks: "It is nothing new for a large economic interest to become linked to the maintenance and encouragement of some common human weakness." Just as the saloon exploits the craving for strong drink, so the daily press exploits the appetite for strong news. Of all news the strongest in its sensational appeal is war—and, accordingly, we shall always find most of the great newspapers on the side of belligerency. The platform, however, especially in view of the recent extension of its sphere through the radio, is a resource for popular education as yet scarcely developed. The organization of the forum is proceeding rapidly throughout the country. The forum, whatever it may accomplish in the way of diffusing information, is an unrivaled means of arousing public interest; and, further, as Mr. Lippmann has pointed out, it affords a clear test of the good faith of the leaders. Failure to come out in the open in defense of a certain policy should have the instant effect of putting the public on guard against it. Of course, the value of discussion as a means to organizing public opinion depends on freedom of expression. The idea that hearing both sides will weaken a people's will to action should find no place in political philosophy, in view of the primary importance of discovering a right basis for action. Freedom of speech is not to be defended so much on the ground of justice to minority opinion, as on that of furnishing the majority with a necessary warning and discipline. Warning and discipline should be the keynotes of public discussion. On all occasions when the national policy is defended or glorified, the devil's advocate should have his place of honor.

Finally, there is the great, almost untouched, source of democratic influence, the school. On this the fathers of democracy chiefly relied for its efficient working; and it is

to be noted that the propounders of other forms of government, the Communists of Russia and the Fascists of Italy, fall back for the perpetuation of their systems upon the indoctrination of the younger generations. To an even greater extent is the control of the school necessary to democracy, which must gain by voluntary response the results which under a dictatorship can be accomplished by coercion. No one would assert that our schools today make their chief object the grounding of their pupils in the vital principles of democracy and a warning against its dangers. The schools are, in fact, in the control of the underlings and hangers-on of leading members of society, who are chiefly notable for their adroitness in playing upon the weaknesses of democracy and their eagerness to betray it. As a result, says Mr. Angell, "Education, the influence of academic institutions, of the classes those institutions turned out, of the special traditions like Nationalism which they nurtured and developed, the philosophies of life and politics most favored by school and university—organized education in this sense has worsened the follies and errors from which we have suffered." One of the first objects of the democratic school should be to impart to every youth by inoculation a kind of immunity from propaganda. What the school actually does, in the words of Professor Dewey, is to foster "an indiscriminating gulping mental habit, eager to be duped." "The more indiscriminatingly the history and institutions of one's own nation are idealized, the greater is the likelihood, so it is assumed, that the school product will be a loyal patriot, a well equipped good citizen." This is the chief cause of weakness in our democratic fabric, the fear of weakening authority by the exercise of intelligence; and the chief seat of this fear, paradoxically enough, is in the institutions which exist to cultivate intelligence. If this vicious circle is ever broken, it will be by a revolution in our educational system which will reclaim the schools for democracy.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

William Blake

William Blake, by Osbert Burdett. New York: The Macmillan Company. 199 pages. \$1.25.

WILLIAM Blake shares the fate of Swinburne and Whitman in the new "English Men of Letters" series; the story of his life and work has been undertaken by a critic who has continually to apologize to himself for his own interest in the subject. Mr. Osbert Burdett ranks Blake, the artist, higher than Blake, the poet; and he places the man higher than his work. As a character, he finds Blake sound; but as an artist and a poet, he is disconcerting. Whenever Mr. Burdett is annoyed by one of Blake's obvious failings—for, as with most men of powerful growth, none of the conventional disciplines altered the proportion of weakness to strength into anything like a decent mediocrity—Mr. Burdett falls back upon the amusing theory that all would have been well with Blake's muse if only he had had a thorough grounding in the classics. Is this Mr. Burdett speaking, or is it the Rev. Mr. Mathew, or Mr. Hayley the poet?

What is needed for an appreciation of Blake is an understanding of the fact that his audacious failures are an essential part of his achievement. His prophetic poems are not a great thing done ludicrously, like W. S. Gilbert's solemn attempt to write a supplement to the tragedy of Faust: they are rather like some exploring expedition which, though it never brings back any report of the country it has

found, still encourages others to set out in the same direction and to push onward with confidence. We are perhaps justly vexed by Blake's cryptic mythology; but I do not see how a reasonable critic can be put off by Blake's perception that the shades of Olympus were not sufficient molds for his own special intuition. What applies to Blake's mythology applies even more to his verse. As his thought matured and his insight grew more profound, the simple Elizabethan frame of his early verse became quite inadequate, and, like Whitman, he was driven into creating a cadenced verse which at times falls to the level of prose. Why has no one stressed the parallel between the two poets? Both of them revolted from a mythic, materialistic past in order to create a new heaven and earth, Blake with the aid of shadowy figures drawn from Swedenborg and from inward contemplation, Whitman by relying upon science and plunging more completely into the stream of external events; Blake coming off best, no doubt, in the poems of his youth, before reflection and experience drove him into more turbid depths, Whitman more happily passing out of the adolescent proprieties of his early verse into the full swing of his self-disciplined maturity.

The critic may call both these attempts failures; for the best of Whitman and Blake is not as thoroughly sustained and carried over from poem to poem as it is, for example, in Shakespeare or Chaucer; but only a deliberate indifference to the issues of thought and life when these poets wrote should keep one from seeing that the attempts themselves were inevitable. Blake would have been less the poet, not more, had he been able to rest content with a form he could do nothing further with. It is our misfortune that he could not always find intelligible symbols in which to clothe his vision; but the vision was there, literally bursting to be announced, and the established forms were only, for him, an impediment of speech. The fact is that Mr. Burdett has a factitious set of requirements. The requirements are not very kind to original genius; for they are based, among other things, on a distrust of originality; and because Mr. Burdett shrinks from Blake's eccentricity, he never finds the poet's proper center.

Yet Mr. Burdett gets close to justice when he says: "It is the combination of his gifts, the varied tendencies that he endeavored to reconcile, that makes him an arresting figure. Once the solvent of criticism is employed upon his work, we find ourselves tempted to defend his writings by his designs, his ideas by his art, his visions by his practical good sense, his art by his religious intention." This may seem an unsatisfactory defense to Mr. Burdett, but it is surely the correct one. Blake lives for us, not by any single poem, not even by "The Tiger," and not by any single picture, not even by the designs for "The Book of Job": he lives because at the core of all these separate manifestations one perceives a great, illumined soul. He was the sort of man one could give one's life to, in order to share a greater life, as Catherine gave her unlettered self to him, and became a true woman of culture; he was the sort of man one could trust in a pinch as a practical adviser, as Tom Paine did when he obeyed Blake's warning to flee London. This simple man had the tact of a courtier and the renunciation of a saint: when, turning down the offer of the Court to make him drawing master, he dismissed his own pupils, the gesture was more than royal, for it cost him bread and security.

One can find a thousand flaws in the works of such a man, and never question the work. Not to come directly to the work itself, because of preconceptions about the value of classical education, about the relative importance of the "noble" and the "sublime," about such moth-eaten garments

from Wardour Street costume-shops as the Classic and the Romantic—this is a real failing in the critic. Mr. Burdett has eminent qualifications for dealing with minds of more conventional turn: his canons of taste would bring out all the virtues of a Georgian-poet who has nothing if not form; but these urbane virtues keep him from sounding the full greatness of Blake. He thus ends his volume: "If he [Blake] still tantalizes and inspires, and yet leaves us unsatisfied, and, it may be, disappointed, let us remember that to tantalize and to disappoint are the very qualities which distinguish sublime from classical art." In the light of such a conclusion, I can only say that Mr. Burdett, as a critic of Blake, has achieved the sublime.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

God, by Grace of Church

My Idea of God: A Symposium of Faith, edited by Joseph Fort Newton. Boston: Little, Brown and Company (Atlantic Monthly Press). 286 pages. \$2.50.

Adventurous Religion, by Harry Emerson Fosdick. New York: Harper and Brothers. 326 pages. \$2.

The Heretic's Defense, by Henry Preserved Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 130 pages. \$1.50.

ALTHOUGH they certainly have not acted in concert, it is interesting to reflect that modern science and the Roman Catholic Church have propounded precisely the same theory of divinity. This is that divinity, as a dogma of belief, is secondary to the Church, as a ruling institution. Science does not deal in first causes, and is not interested in whatever subtleties of metaphysics may lie behind the basic principles of Catholic doctrine, nor in whether they contain a higher truth than science. Upon the surface, the fact appears to be that social institutions always contain within themselves the theories and principles of their own justification. Churches are not unique in this respect. States also promulgate their dogmas of supernatural authority. But, in each case, the dogma derives its authority and force from the fact that the State—or the Church—is a going concern able to impress its principles upon its subjects.

A comparison of dogmas, such as the Atlantic symposium contains, is bound to throw this circumstance into bold relief. Intellectually considered, the effect of religious reformation may be to "purify" belief by freeing it of superstition. But meanwhile, the more attenuated the belief becomes, the less reason there seems to be for adhering to it. Thus, in this symposium, Father Conway begins most properly by pointing out that "The Catholic idea of the essence and knowability of God is thus set forth by the Vatican Council: ' . . . '"; while the Rabbi Enelow remarks, "When I think of God, I do so in terms of Jewish tradition and experience. There is an old teaching that Israel and the Holy One go together." Just so. In the same fashion, also, Dr. Machen, a leading Fundamentalist in the controversy which has been agitating the Presbyterian Church and Princeton Seminary, states at the outset of his essay: "If my idea of God were really mine, if it were one which I had evolved out of my own inner consciousness, I should attribute very little importance to it myself, and should certainly expect even less importance to be attributed to it by others. . . . The idea of God, therefore, which I shall here endeavor to summarize is simply the Christian idea"—that is, the idea of the Westminster Confession and the Presbyterian General Assembly. He is what we may call a High Church Presbyterian, and such a man, as Henry

Preserved Smith very nicely says, "believed in the Church as the body of Christ, felt that it was divinely guided in the great crises through which it had passed in early ages, and found spiritual support and nourishment in its ordinances." With respect to divinity, in short, such a theologian differs from the Catholic only by being a Presbyterian.

When we turn to the liberal (or Modernist) side of the Reformation, we find the reverse of this situation—as we should expect. For this purpose, also, the Atlantic symposium is very useful. Its essays have been distributed with quite remarkable fairness among men of all shades of opinion, and in each case the one man seems to have been enlisted who could best express his own peculiar brand of theological doctrine. What choice could have been happier, for instance, than the selection of Dr. Crothers for the expression of that genteel mysticism which holds that "the word 'God' differs from all others in that it stands for an idea that is essentially incommunicable"? The choice of John Haynes Holmes is no less fortunate. Dr. Holmes is a militant reformer. In his theology, God is the inspirer of social meliorism. We therefore get from him a very clear expression of William James' theory of the finite God struggling against the forces of evil in an unfinished universe.

The most brilliant choice is probably that of Professor Edward Scribner Ames to state the ultimate implications of clear-headed and courageous Modernism—"the new orthodoxy," as Dr. Ames has called it in an earlier volume. The difficulty about religious liberalism is personal rather than intellectual. How far is it wise for the Modernist to go in the clear enunciation of his thoughts? It is one thing to meet the challenge of integrity when the issue is that of subscribing, or refusing literally to subscribe, to the ancient pronouncements of the church tribunals. No one could have been firmer or more forthright than Dr. Fosdick, for example, in meeting the challenge of the Presbyterian Church, a couple of years ago. But should a liberal thinker go on and make not only his dissent, but all his positive ideas, a matter of public record? This issue was once presented to the philosopher Kant, and his decision was that it was not his duty to be incontinently garrulous. This, apparently, is the position taken by most churchmen of Dr. Fosdick's ilk. They may dissent from certain creeds and certain Churches; but they believe in church and in belief. They feel that it is necessary to believe, and they feel that the cause of religious liberalism is better served by their emphasis on their continued belief in creed and church than by a too inescapably clear exposition of the details of their own beliefs. Dr. Fosdick is a most eloquent preacher, and the influence which he exerts as pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church is too great and too good for any liberal, however eager, to wish it put in jeopardy. No doubt, many people who would otherwise drift away from the Church entirely are held by his influence to a belief in God. Yet it is impossible to suppose that Dr. Fosdick's theology is limited to a belief in the importance of believing and a conviction of the permanence of Christianity.

For better or worse, Dr. Ames has been as explicit as any churchman of modern times, so explicit that he alone, of all the participants in the symposium, has drawn something perilously like a sneer from the general editor. "My idea of God," says Professor Ames, "is analogous to my idea of my Alma Mater. . . . My idea of Uncle Sam is of the same character." This is a very dangerous form of expression, precisely because it is too clear. When Dr. Ames then says that his idea of God is "the idea of the personified, idealized

whole of reality," we know exactly what he means. He has not merely expressed a cautious dissent to the Westminster Confession; he has calmly and knowingly placed himself outside the pale of all organized Christianity.

Who is thereby the greater loser is a question on which ecclesiastics must forever differ from intellectuals. In his clear and beautiful account of the trial for heresy which was the principal event in his scholar's life, Professor Henry Preserved Smith points many a moral by the way, including this one. "In our own faculty," he writes, "the only one who stood by me was Professor Arthur C. McGiffert." And again: "I was glad to have at my right hand Professor George Foot Moore, of Andover Theological Seminary. After the verdict, Professor Moore felt that he could not remain in the Presbyterian Church, and thus the Church lost from its ministry the leading Old Testament scholar of this country." These are indeed great names, though not greater perhaps than that of Henry Preserved Smith, who says of himself, with becoming modesty, "In me they thought the dreadful ogre might be crushed. . . . That they overrated my importance and also the power of the presbytery is sufficiently evident by this time." Perhaps it is. But perhaps Professor Smith's importance was not personal. Institutions seldom accord much importance to individuals, even when they are eminent scholars. Perhaps the Church does not, even now, regret Professor George Foot Moore. It has been able to retain a monopoly of God.

C. E. AYRES.

Children of the Sun

Children of the Sun, by James Rorty. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

THOUGH he derives too much from too many (Whitman, Sandburg, and Masters), Mr. James Rorty in his "Children of the Sun" yet shows an extraordinary and individual sensitivity in the intervals during which his addiction to the vernacular allows it. In the initial poem, "Out of the Earth," a phenomenal depth is struck without tawdriness. The gesture of giving

These, too, strange plants, bitter herbs for your garden and

Love blowing wild horns and beyond the cliffs of death is, indeed, consummated. But the gesture itself paternally covers an unlikely trio of cynicism, pointed and gauntly humorous satire, and negation—a wistfulness for joy rather than joyousness itself. These professional guises, however, are frequently thrown off and the poet writes simply, as Keats wrote of Ruth sick for home in alien fields. Though Mr. Rorty's comprehension of beauty is more adequate than his equipment for expressing it, his reactions are given to us in deft, intelligent expression. There are lines of great charm in "Lodging for the Night."

Before there was this hearth, there were the crouched savages and the gaunt beasts waiting at the fire-light's rim.

Before there was you, my dear, there was Spring lust, and the chase of nymph and satyr over the hill.

The start of the wind is where, my dear? And the blind wind's end is where?

And here where we lodge is where, my dear? And here where we lodge is where?

In "Gray Shore," his rhythm is peculiarly appropriate:

Will I have peace?

I asked—when sleep at last will come
With shadowy breasts to bear me home?
Hush! said the sea, and hush.

There come so many moaning things
With weeping eyes and trailing wings—
Hush! said the sea, and hush

Perhaps Chaos, his mistress, whose gold hair he braids, came by her shining locks through the inevitable conflict of the intellectual poseur with the fundamentally sincere man.

The poet would do well to heed Matthew Arnold. And if, indeed, art does consist in the removal of surplusage, we are confident that Mr. Rorty would not be peeled to utter extinction, that his virtues would shine forth with greater precision and beauty.

ELLING AANNESAD.

To Tibet by the Back Door

Peking to Lhasa, by Sir Francis Younghusband. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 293 pages. \$5.

ONLY three Europeans are supposed ever to have gone across China from Peking to Lhasa. The first two were the Lazarist missionaries, Huc and Gabet, who left Peking in 1844 and reached the sacred capital of Tibet two years later. The third was Pereira of the Grenadier Guards, who arrived in October, 1922, after walking 3,500 miles, more than half the distance.

The French priests were poor and without authority. They marked each camp on the Tartar wastes with a little wooden cross and took their chances with any caravan that happened along. The British soldier, a lame, frail man, nearly sixty years old, went without white companionship but moved in an impressive train of yaks and bearers. Out of his diaries, cool, scientific, brief, Sir Francis Younghusband has made a running account.

Younghusband does not draw upon his own knowledge of Tibet to decorate Pereira's laconic entries of distances, altitudes, names and dates. When he comes to the explorer's death—for Pereira succumbed on a later trek northward from Yunan-fu—the editor does permit himself a brief word of eloquent praise. He explains as follows the fact that Pereira's master passions were horse racing and exploration: "Perhaps attaining a goal—stretching oneself out to the very utmost—was the dominating idea which connected the two." He appends three notes of Pereira's on Chinese politics which prove once more that we may expect imperial orthodoxy even from a much experienced and very gallant gentleman.

As a topographical record of western China, Pereira's notes are precious documents. For the general reader they perform a no less noteworthy service in reminding him that Père Huc also made that journey and also wrote a book about it. Pereira saw the land and measured it with instruments. Huc saw the people and produced casually one of the great travel books of modern literature.

They make a fascinating contrast—the English soldier, intense, self-absorbed, lonely, doing incredible things as a stunt, disappointed because letters from home delivered on the high snows of the Himalayas did not bring the latest news of the Derby and the Ascot—the French priest, pliant, observant, genial, audacious, disappointed because he did not have a free shot in the interest of the "true faith" at the Dalai Lama himself.

Motives, however, make little difference if they impel explorers to march. Any motive will be a good one that will lead the next westerner from Peking to Lhasa on Pereira's trail.

LYMAN BRYSON.

Fiction Notes

The Thibaults, by Roger Martin du Gard. Translated from the French by Madeleine Boyd. New York: Boni and Liveright. Two vols. \$5.

THE first two volumes of "The Thibaults," published in an excellent, straightforward translation by Madeleine Boyd, are only the beginning of another capacious European novel. Mrs. Boyd tells us in a note that the subsequent sections will be translated as fast as they appear in French. The Thibaults are a solid Catholic family of the Parisian middle class. The father is a pig-headed public reformer and private bully, whom M. du Gard paints as contemptuously—and intolerantly—as Sinclair Lewis handles a lecherous preacher. His elder son is a calculating doctor with a luscious, Rubens-like, red-haired Jewess for mistress. The younger son, Jacques, who is nominally the central figure in the book, is a youthful poet. In punishment for running away from home, he had been locked up for a year in a reformatory supported by his father, where his will had been numbed and his mind warped. The running away had been the result of the misunderstanding by his elders of his affection for an older schoolboy; and it is with this incident that the novel opens. The elder boy, Daniel, is the child of a Protestant family, with an irresponsible rake for a father, a neurotic sister, and a mother who has found consolation in Christian Science. By the end of the second volume, Daniel has become a rake like his father. Jacques, having been bullied by Thibault, senior, and taught perversion by the guards in the reformatory, finds himself in love with Daniel's sister and in dread of anything "impure" in their love. His older brother is abandoned by his Rubens-like Rachel, who returns to Africa at the call of a brutal but hypnotic lover who beats her. This brief outline, which leaves out many of the elements of the story, should give the reader a sense of the force in M. du Gard's writing and also of the feverishness which runs through it. He unquestionably resents the distortions of spirit he finds created in the young by the misunderstandings of their parents; but he describes these distortions with what seems at times a neurotic satisfaction.

M. L.

Skin-Deep, by Naomi Royde-Smith. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

FROM careful prose emerges the portrait of Lucinda, Duchess of Merioneth. It is a pleasure to read a novel so firmly put together, so delicately written. The spirit of Henry James is somehow present throughout. At least in the prologue, which describes the first visit to London of Arabell Holdenbrook, a Boston lady, his mannerisms are perhaps too much in evidence. Miss Royde-Smith has caught his adverbial redundancies and delayed accusatives. But as the book progresses, the flavor of James grows fainter in the surface of the style; one finds increasing freshness and humor, and many brilliant pages in which the author strips off layer after layer of the magnificence that swathed Lucinda's vulgar and shallow soul. The "point of view" method is skilfully used. One penetrates more deeply into Lucinda as she is reflected in each character, as well as portrayed directly through her own thoughts. The account of her attempts to ward off her beauty's decay is magnificently done. One is left with an indelible picture of her, enclosed in a Turkish bath cabinet, pedaling ferociously on a stationary bicycle, her

A SUMMER HOLIDAY With EUROPEAN TEACHERS

This summer the most advanced schools of Europe are opening their class rooms and guest quarters to 60 American teachers.

There will be four groups each comprising fourteen teachers under the leadership of a fifteenth visiting the progressive schools of England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, Belgium and Czechoslovakia.

All of the groups will attend the Fourth International Conference of the New Education Fellowship to be held at Locarno, August 3rd-15th.

Arrangements in Europe are being made by the Intercontinental Bureau for Educational Travel with the assistance of the New Education Fellowship and Bureau International d'Education.

While the membership is necessarily selective, all who may be interested are invited to apply for prices, itineraries, and other detailed information to

THE OPEN ROAD, Inc.

2 West 46th Street

New York City

Worried about your child?

Is he becoming difficult to manage? Does he "stretch the truth?" Does he disturb you with that incessant Why? Is he afraid of the dark? Does he alarm you by disobeying? Is he betraying predatory or miserly traits? Does he fight with every small boy on the street?

If you are troubled by the many problems of the growing child and really wish to understand them and correct them, you will find here in a single volume the results of years of research by authorities on every important phase of child development.

Guidance of Childhood and Youth

Compiled by

Child Study Association of America

It contains 110 passages from the vast literature of child study carefully selected by thirty or more leading authorities on the subject, skillfully edited, and grouped under appropriate headings. It is a veritable mine of information and it will be of assistance to you no matter what your difficulty.

Price, \$1.50

At any bookstore or from

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Ave. New York

head thrown back so that Arabell sees on her brow the red scar left by the operation of having her face lifted, her voice bawling hoarsely for someone to close the door. This is the woman whom the Boston lady has long believed the embodiment of all that she most worshiped in England.

C. C.

Young Anarchy, by Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.

A COLLECTION of puppets with fancy names represents post-war youth in Mr. Gibbs' picture of contemporary England. Jocelyn, Lettice, Mervyn, Ivo, and others trifle with radical ideas, dance to jazz music, stay out late at night, horrify the good families who produced them, and redeem themselves gloriously by driving buses and serving coffee during the recent general strike. One is left with a comfortable feeling that all is well with England.

Insignificant as a novel, "Young Anarchy," in spite of the characters' unending political chatter, has some interest as an account of the General Strike. Mr. Gibbs' ability to describe tumultuous events and men in mass, which made him so good a war correspondent, reveals itself in certain pages, where one has glimpses of crowds in stuffy halls or milling on wet streets; of lorries and motor buses driven by schoolboys in plus-fours. The story is told in the first person by a writer who maintains neutrality. One is fascinated throughout by the spectacle of his equilibrium, as if he were a circus performer in tights walking with a parasol along a rope stretched across England's industrial turmoil. The Anglophiles of America will call this "a perfectly splendid book."

C. C.

The Field of Mustard. Tales by A. E. Coppard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THESE tales have a more even excellence than their predecessors, and bear witness to a more careful craftsmanship than the author had hitherto revealed. While none is as memorable as "The Higgler" or "The Poor Man," it would be difficult to duplicate the artistry of such fine stories as "Judith" or "The Bogey Man." It would be equally difficult to find homosexual phenomena more delicately treated than they are in the title story or in "Olive and Camilla." And, by finding material in more somber and profound keys, Mr. Coppard seems to have overcome the lack of substance which marred some of his earlier tales.

W. F. K.

Contributors

HAROLD J. LASKI, a professor at the University of London, is the author of "Authority in the Modern State," and other works on political subjects.

MARJORIE MEEKER writes verse and short stories for various magazines.

STANLEY HIGH is the author of "China's Place in the Sun," "The Revolt of Youth," "Europe Turns the Corner," and "Looking Ahead with Latin America."

C. E. AYRES has been professor of philosophy at Amherst and Reed Colleges, and a member of the staff of the New Republic.

ELLING AANNSTAD is a native of Wisconsin, now resident in New York City.

LYMAN BRYSON, after a number of years abroad in international relief work, is now living in California.

Rational Living A Radical Health Monthly.

B. LIBER, Editor.

MAY ISSUE: The Role of Sympathy, S. D. Schmalhausen—The Crimes of Dentistry, Dr. A. Asgis—Anti-Pessimism, M. Oppenheimer—Cure and Prevention of Squint, Mary Dudderidge—Scare of Disease—Letter from Italy (Futurism and Facism)—Common Cases of Disease, How to Treat Them Rationally—Food—A Student's First Steps in Medicine—Illustrations: Sex Instruction, War Results, Exercise, etc.

Rational Living is a revolution in thought, personal life, hygiene and treatment of disease through rational and simplified ideas, which are taken from everywhere; but, not fitting into any of the prevailing system, they form a new philosophy.

A magazine published at a loss—No paid advertisements—No doctors, Institutions, drugs, or curing methods to recommend—Its aim is to teach its readers to become as independent from them as possible. Limited circulation. Written for intelligent people only.

Subscription, 12 months, \$5 (Europe, \$2.) [Confidence System: Those who cannot pay the full price may pay as much as they can.]—Single copy, 50c. (Europe, 20c.)—Old sample copies free to new readers.

AS A DOCTOR SEES IT, by B. Liber, an elegant volume of 173 poignant stories from proletarian life as seen by a physician, and illustrated by the author. 200 pages, \$1.50—FREE with a full subscription to Rational Living if requested.

Address: Rational Living, Box 2, Station M. New York.

STUDIO APARTMENT with bedroom, kitchen and dining alcove—complete housekeeping—Furnished, May to October—unfurnished, expiration of lease. 201 East 40th St., G. G. Vanderbilt 5876.

New Psychological Magazine

makes it possible for the general reader to keep up with the latest events in psychology.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ABSTRACTS, edited by America's leading psychologists, is an official organ of the American Psychological Association. Each month every important article published here and abroad is summarized in simple language. Send in your order today to Psychological Review Company, Princeton, N. J.—Department R. Year's subscription only \$6.00.

A NEW IDEA Thousands are now buying their books at **ABOUT BOOKS** cost price—are you? The remarkable Vanguard Plan eliminates all profits. Now you can get good books, full size, well printed and clothbound at only 50 cents per book. Others sell similar books for \$2 and \$3. Interesting and vital subjects. Write immediately for free copy of Vanguard catalogue, with introduction by Upton Sinclair. Do it today—now.

VANGUARD PRESS, Inc., Dept. C-4
80 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Woodstock, New York,

Remodeled farmhouse on Ohio Mountain. 177 acres, large pond, lovely outlook. 9 rooms, several very large, 2 baths, well-equipped kitchen, gravity water, hot water, charming furniture, books. To modest sized family for July and August \$400. To larger family, in proportion. Woodstock affords concerts and plays. Camps and other advantages for children. Neighbors provide food including groceries, do house work and chores. Ice and wood included.

MRS. J. ROSETT

35 Claremont Ave., N. Y. Cathedral 9075

FOR SALE. CAMP overlooking Blue Mountain Lake, Hamilton County, New York, five bedrooms, bathroom, two car garage and apartment, all completely furnished. Near village. Reached by automobile road or boat from Racquet Lake. Asking \$7,500. Apply—American Exchange, Irving Trust Company, Real Estate Dept., Room 620, 233 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

College graduate, 38, 5 years selling and 6 years executive experience; past 2 years executive capacity with financial organization; possesses initiative and organizing ability; good correspondent; seeks opportunity where ability can be utilized to advantage. Salary is secondary consideration. Good references. Address Box 484, The New Republic.

TO RENT

Unfurnished Apartment, 119 East 10th St., Garth St. Marks. Parlor floor—3 rooms, kitchen, bath, porch, garden. Yearly lease after October 1st. Mrs. A. F. Calder, Lexington 6096.

NURSERY SCHOOL DIRECTOR will take into her home, for a period of time this summer, a child between the ages of two and five, for habit formation or during parents' absence.—Address: Box 481, The New Republic.

UNIVERSITY TEACHER will sublet attractive 5-room apartment. High, light quiet, cool. Half-block from Columbia Campus. Accommodate 4 students. \$200 for 6 weeks summer session. References exchanged. Address, Box 483, The New Republic.

CHRIST OR CHAOS?

Definitions

1—Science is the gathering of facts and the formulation of laws concerning those facts.

MANHATTAN BEACH HOTEL, N. Y. At the seashore. Modern; fireproof. Home-like comforts. Outdoor sports; surf bathing; 37 minutes to Times Sq. via BMT. Now open for Spring and Summer reservations. Rates moderate. Phone Sheepshead 8000.

EARN \$25 WEEKLY

Spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details FREE.

Press Syndicate, 1060, St. Louis, Mo.

REAL HARRIS TWEED

The aristocrat of all sports wear—direct from makers. Patterns free. Cut lengths by post, \$2.00 per yd. Carriage paid.

NEWALL, 159 Stornoway, Scotland